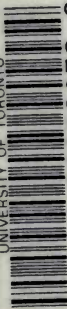


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00692072 2

DA
447
R97L5

T. HONYWOOD,

FORSTER.



THE MONTHLY VOLUME,

EACH BOOK COMPLETE IN ITSELF, OCCASIONALLY
ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS, AND CONTAIN-
ING ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO PAGES, IN
A GOOD, BOLD TYPE.

SIXPENCE, IN FANCY PAPER COVERS.

TENPENCE, IN CLOTH BOARDS, GILT EDGES.

“I never wanted articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects, written with a decidedly Christian tone.”—DR. ARNOLD.

THE Committee of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY have resolved to publish a volume every month, adapted to the new development and growing intelligence of the times. This series, with the exception of a few reprints, will be ORIGINAL; from the pens of authors of ability in their respective departments in literature and science:—SCRIPTURAL; in the principles in which they are written:—POPULAR; in their style; so that instead of being limited to one class of the community, they may be generally acceptable:—PORTABLE; that they may serve as “hand-books” abroad and at home:—and ECONOMICAL; the twelve volumes of a year costing less than three half-pence per week. Thus while the MONTHLY SERIES will be fully adapted to the educated FAMILIES of our land, to

DAY and SUNDAY SCHOOLS and to the LIBRARIES of mechanics and others, they will supply interesting and valuable reading to a large number of the people, who can only spare time enough for the perusal of a small volume, and whose means will not allow of a more costly purchase.

ISSUE OF THE FIRST YEAR.

THE LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

GLIMPSES OF THE DARK AGES.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.

JAMAICA, ENSLAVED AND FREE.

THE TASK AND OTHER POEMS, by WM. COWPER.

OUR SONG BIRDS.

SOLAR SYSTEM, Parts I. and II. By Dr. DICK.

SKETCHES OF THE WALDENSES.

LIFE OF LUTHER.

BLIGHTS OF THE WHEAT. By the Rev. E. SIDNEY,
M.A.

ANCIENT JERUSALEM. By Dr. KITTO.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

SECOND YEAR, ALREADY PUBLISHED.

MAN, IN HIS PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL, SOCIAL,
AND MORAL RELATIONS. By W. NEWNHAM, Esq.

MODERN JERUSALEM. By Dr. KITTO.

LIFE OF CYRUS.

GARDEN FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.

DAWN OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

In the Press.

LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL.

OUR DOMESTIC FOWLS.

Other Volumes are preparing.

The Committee of the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY look with confidence to their friends, to aid them in widely distributing their MONTHLY VOLUME, in FAMILIES, SCHOOLS, and GENERAL LIBRARIES; while they entreat on this new effort the effectual blessing of Almighty God.

THE LIFE
OF
LADY RUSSELL.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:

Instituted 1799.

DA
447
R97 L5



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| The Parentage of Lady Russell | 5 |

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|--|----|
| The Early Life of Lady Russell | 15 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Lady Russell in Prosperity | 26 |
|--------------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Lady Russell in Adversity | 44 |
|-------------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Lady Russell a Widowed Mother | 101 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Miscellaneous | 163 |
|-------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Lady Russell in her Declining Years | 170 |
|---|-----|

THE
LIFE OF

LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL

CHAPTER I

Lady Russell was the daughter of the noble
family of Russell. She was born in the year
1659, at the house of her father, the Earl of
Russell, in the county of Devon. She was the
sixth child of her father, and the third of
her mother. She was educated at home, and
was very accomplished in the French and
Italian languages. She was also very
skilful in the needle, and was a great
lover of music. She was married to the
Earl of Russell in the year 1677. They had
three children, two sons and one daughter.
The first son was the Duke of Bedford,
the second son was the Duke of Devonshire,
and the daughter was the Duchess of Devonshire.
Lady Russell was a very pious and
charitable woman. She was a great
friend to the poor, and was very
generous to the church. She was also
a great lover of literature, and was
very skilful in the French and Italian
languages. She was married to the Earl
of Russell in the year 1677. They had
three children, two sons and one daughter.
The first son was the Duke of Bedford,
the second son was the Duke of Devonshire,
and the daughter was the Duchess of Devonshire.

THE LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARENTAGE OF LADY RUSSELL.

LADY RUSSELL was descended from the noble family of Southampton. The first earl of that family, Thomas Wriothesley, was lord chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII., and one of the sixteen, nominated by that monarch as the executors of his will, and the guardians of his son and successor, Edward VI.

Of the second earl, Henry Wriothesley, we find no particular account. His son Henry, the third earl, was the patron of the poet Shakspeare, and the intimate friend of Devereux, earl of Essex, the favourite of queen Elizabeth, who afterwards fell into disgrace, and ultimately sacrificed his life to an act of rebellion against his sovereign. In this rebellion the earls of Rutland and Southampton were implicated. The former nobleman, through the queen's favour, was not brought to trial, but both were kept in prison until the

accession of James I. At this time the earl of Southampton, and the son of the late earl of Essex, were both restored to their estates and honours.

This earl of Southampton experienced many fluctuations of royal favour and disgrace. He was a member of the privy council, received a visit from the king, at his house at Tichfield, and attended the king to Scotland. But his uncompromising integrity and sturdy independence would ill assort with the servility and intrigue that prevailed in the court and cabinet of James; and, in particular, they rendered him obnoxious to Buckingham, the haughty and profligate minion of the king. He was for a time placed under restraint, first in London, and afterwards in his own house at Tichfield. It was, however, soon deemed expedient to set him at liberty. At length the earl accepted the command of an English regiment raised for the Dutch service, and, in 1624, embarked for the Palatinate, accompanied by his eldest son, the lord Wriothsley. An epidemic fever broke out among the troops, to which the son soon fell a victim. The father, also, was seized, but partially recovered, and took his departure with the intention of bringing his son's body to England. At Bergen-op-Zoom, he again fell ill, and died. Both the bodies were brought over, and interred together at Tichfield.

Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, (the father of lady Russell,) was a minor,

when, on the death of his father and brother, he succeeded to the title. The education of the young earl was commenced at Eton school, and carried on at Magdalen College, Oxford. He afterwards went to the continent, and stayed long in France, where he met with, and most probably married, his first wife. He was afterwards some time in the Low Countries. On his return to his own country he seems to have lived privately, and to have avoided any active measures in politics. His liberal sentiments were, however, so well known, that he was looked upon as one of the peers most attached to the cause of the people, which was then unhappily brought into collision with that of the monarch, Charles I. The earl unquestionably disapproved of the measures of the court; but when he afterwards saw the tide of popular feeling setting in against all monarchical government, he proved himself as steadily opposed to popular anarchy as to arbitrary power. He was at length reluctantly drawn from his retreat and made privy councillor, and soon afterwards, lord of the bedchamber to the king, to whom he was ever afterwards a steady, though not a blind, adherent. He saw and lamented the evils that prevailed on either hand—"oppression in the place of judgment," and "a perverse spirit mingled among the people"—and he laboured indefatigably, though unsuccessfully, to promote good understanding, conciliation, and peace.

While the king was a prisoner, lord South-

amptton made every possible attempt for his deliverance. On leaving Hampton Court, the king went to Tichfield, and remained there some time as the guest and under the protection of the earl's mother, the countess dowager. And when this monarch was executed, lord Southampton was one of four faithful servants who paid the last sad duty to his remains.

After this the earl retired to his seat at Tichfield, maintaining a determined seclusion from public affairs, and solacing himself in his family, and the improvement of his noble estate. The earl possessed large property elsewhere, particularly in Bloomsbury, London. His residence there gave name to Southampton street, Holborn. On this estate he afterwards built a noble mansion. This was at first called Southampton House; but afterwards, Bedford House, being for many years the town house of the Russell family. In 1800, it was taken down, and on the site and adjoining fields were erected many handsome houses, now forming Russell-square, Bedford-square, etc.

During the exile of Charles II., the earl of Southampton contributed liberally to his support, and had a chief hand in engaging the nation in the design of his restoration. He, however, like others of the wisest and best friends of the king, was alive to the importance of securing the civil and religious rights of the people, and would fain have proposed to the king such conditions as, subsequent expe-

rience proved, would have only been reasonable, just, and necessary. "To the king coming in without conditions," says Bishop Burnet, "may well be imputed all the errors of his reign," and, it is justly added, "many mischiefs that followed afterwards."

On the restoration of Charles, the earl of Southampton was made lord treasurer, which office he sustained with exemplary vigilance, integrity, and disinterestedness, though not to the entire satisfaction of a profligate monarch and his rapacious or intolerant favourites. The character of this virtuous man discountenanced vice, and his principles were opposed to the violent measures of the court. He was one who "shook his hands from holding a bribe," Isaiah xxxiii. 15. And he was "said to die with the cleanest hands that ever a lord treasurer did." The address to his successor in office, on taking the oaths, closed with a wish "that he might exceed all his predecessors in office; combining the abilities and fidelity of the renowned lord Burleigh; the sagacity, quickness, and great despatch of his son, the lord Salisbury; and the uprightness, integrity, and wisdom of that great man who went last before him, the earl of Southampton."

The diarists, Evelyn and Pepys, give many interesting references to this worthy nobleman. Bishop Burnet describes the excruciating agonies he endured, (arising from the stone, and aggravated by improper treatment,) but adds, "he bore it all with astonishing patience, the

firmness of a great man, and the submission of a good Christian." He was evidently weaned from the world, willing to leave it; and sustained and made happy by the hope of another and a better. How inestimable are the supports and consolations of the gospel, which, under the sharpest sufferings, and in the view of death, enable the believer to say, "These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal," 2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

The character of the earl of Southampton affords at least a strong presumption that his children would be trained in the way in which they should go, and imbued with sound and liberal principles—the principles of Christian morality.

The mother of lady Russell was Rachel de Ruvigny, daughter of Daniel de Massue, marquis de Ruvigny, of an ancient Huguenot family in France. The marquis de Ruvigny, brother to the countess of Southampton, was long at the head of the Protestant interests in France, as deputy-general of the reformed churches. While the edict of Nantes, granted by Henry iv., secured to the Protestant subjects of France their rights and liberties, this deputy-general was a minister plenipotentiary from them to the

court of their Roman Catholic sovereign. Ruvigny is described as a very accomplished person, of great ability, courage, and conduct. He possessed extraordinary influence at court, and he conscientiously and zealously employed it, for a period of nearly thirty years, in defending the cause of his oppressed brethren; for the reign of Louis XIV., though in some respects reckoned glorious, was disgraced by legalized persecution for conscience' sake. Each year witnessed new encroachments on the rights of the Protestants, and in the year 1685 their edict was revoked. By this measure more than 50,000 families of all ranks in society were deprived of property, liberty, and in many cases of life itself. Vast numbers perished in dungeons or galleys, or from cold and hunger. Many were put to death by the soldiery, but great numbers also escaped, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods. Of these, a large proportion emigrated to England, Holland, and Switzerland. The marquis de Ruvigny and his family voluntarily shared the exile of their persecuted brethren, being indebted, even for the liberty of doing this, to the special favour and gratitude of the king, who gave them permission to emigrate to England—a permission not granted to any other Protestant nobleman at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The marquis had previously secured for himself and his sons letters of naturalization in England, which, together with some

other family papers, in 1680, he committed to the care of lady Russell and her sister, with an expression indicative of the unsettled state of things in his native country: "I send you also my letters of naturalization, which will be better in your hands than mine. I would beg you and your sister to take care of them. They may be useful; since there is nothing more uncertain than the course of events."

At the breaking out of the storm that drove the poor French Protestants from their homes and country, we find the marquis at the head of the refugees in England. The sufferings and privations of many of these people were extreme; but they experienced much Christian sympathy and liberality from individuals. Some in high places, like Onesiphorus of old, oft refreshed and ministered to the suffering servants of Christ, and were not ashamed of their chains, 2 Tim. i. 16—18. The Ruvignys settled at Greenwich, and occasionally obtained the use of the church, where, in the intervals of the regular services, worship was conducted, and sermons preached in the French language for the benefit of the refugees. In 1688, the younger son of the marquis, (whom Rapin calls Mons. Caillemotte,) with about three hundred French officers who had left their country for the sake of their religion, accompanied William, prince of Orange, when he came, as the instrument in the hand of Divine Providence, of rescuing England from the oppression of arbitrary powers and spiritual despotism.

The death of the aged marquis probably took place about that time. Evelyn's diary (1689) seems to refer to his son as "the marquis," and Burnet states that "old Ruvigny being dead, his son offered his service to king William, who unwillingly accepted it, because he knew that he still had the income of an estate in France which would be immediately confiscated. But he had no regard to that, but engaged heartily in the king's service." Both the sons of the old marquis were engaged in the king's service. The elder was killed at the battle of the Boyne, (June, 1690,) and the younger, for his valour on that occasion, was created earl of Galway. Burnet describes him as distinguished by capacity, integrity, courage, and application, and, "to crown all, he was a man of eminent virtue and real piety and zeal for religion." Several of the letters of lady Russell are addressed to this near relative, as one with whom she delighted to take sweet counsel, and who was no stranger to the same springs of consolation and support, which her peculiar trials and happy experience had so highly endeared to her own spirit.

The expected confiscation of the estates in France took place—they were conferred on Polignac, a later favourite of Louis.

The name of lord Galway occurs in the charter or patent of a hospital in London for the aged of the poor French refugees and their descendants. He was the first governor of the

hospital, and his portrait is preserved in the court room. In the charter, dated July 24, 1718, he is named as "Henri de Massue, marquis de Ruvinny, comte de Galway." He died unmarried in 1720, consequently the title became extinct.

The particulars here given of the ancestry and family connexions of lady Russell will be found more or less to connect themselves with her character and history. They are instructive also, as they tend to exemplify the statements of Scripture, that "the righteous is more excellent than his neighbour." Piety and goodness do not shield from the common calamities of life; indeed, they often expose their subjects to especial trials. The world hates the followers of Christ because they are not of the world, and tribulation of one kind or other is often their portion in this life. Nevertheless, their cause is good; and those who suffer for Christ shall be supported by him here, and reign with him hereafter. Whatever trials *we* may meet with in our Christian course, we may derive encouragement from the experience of others as well as from the assurances of Scripture that "there hath no temptation taken us but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it."*

* Prov. xii. 26; John xv. 19; xvi. 33; 2 Tim. ii. 12; 1 Cor. x. 13.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY LIFE OF LADY RUSSELL.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God has led thee."

LADY RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY was born about the year 1636. Of a family consisting of five children, only two survived their mother, lady Elizabeth and lady Rachel, neither of them of an age fully to appreciate the loss of an affectionate and pious mother; lady Rachel, indeed, too young to retain any distinct recollection of her.

The earl, their father, married for his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of sir Francis Leigh, (afterwards earl of Chichester.) This lady had four daughters, one only of whom survived her parents.

The earl again becoming a widower, married the lady Frances, daughter of William Seymour, duke of Somerset, and widow of viscount Molineux. This lady survived the earl of Southampton. She had no family.

The period in which the earl secluded himself with his family at Tichfield, was that in

which the education of his children would be progressing. It was, doubtless, to their great advantage in those important years, habitually to enjoy the society of such a father. It has been thought that, in consequence of the political disturbances with which England was agitated, the young ladies received a less accomplished education than, in more peaceful times, would have been deemed fitting for ladies of their rank. There does not, however, appear any just ground to conclude that the attainments of lady Rachel were inferior to those of her contemporaries. But whether her opportunities of acquiring the usual accomplishments of her sex and station were more or less extended, the cultivation of the heart and mind was not neglected. The principles of integrity, liberality, purity, and piety, which characterized the father, were instilled, both by precept and example, into the minds of his children. And those twelve years of domestic seclusion were, in all probability, the happiest in the life of the upright statesman. The religious education and habits of the daughters of the earl of Southampton were strictly Protestant. Such were evidently his own enlightened views. His was not a religion of mere forms and ceremonies, but the access of the soul to God, and its intercourse with him, through Jesus Christ, the way, the truth, and the life.

In addition to the instructions of the father, the experience of their mother's family would

have a strong tendency to strengthen the attachment of lady Rachel and her sisters to those doctrines, the possession of which was so bitterly opposed in the country to which they belonged. There is a natural tendency to cling to that of which an attempt has been made forcibly to deprive us ; and in defence of which we, or those dear to us, have been more or less sufferers.

Of the step-mothers of Rachel de Ruvigny's two daughters we know but little. From a fragment written by lady Russell in her old age, in which she laments the sins and follies of her childhood and youth, we are led to apprehend that, in one or both of these ladies, there was more of worldly conformity, and less of decided piety, than might have been desired. "Alas !" she says, "from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did; and ready to take, or seek, cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly ; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give an ear to reports, and possibly malicious ones ; and telling my mother-in-law, to please her. At seventeen years of age was married, continued too often absent at the public prayers, taking very light cause to be so ; liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town—as the park, visiting plays, etc. ; trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I

can recollect that I would choose on a Sunday to go to church at lord B.'s, where the sermon would be short ; a great dinner, and after, worldly talk. When at my father's, the sermon would be longer, and discourse more edifying. And too much after the same way, I fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. Some time after in London ; and then with my father's wife at Tunbridge, and after with her at Bath ; gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath, too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and thinking but little of what was serious ; considering more, health of body than that of my soul."

Such retrospections might be justly admitted by many young persons who have had the privilege of a pious education ; and the fact fully coincides with the statements of the word of God, that "the natural man," "the carnal mind," receives not the things of the Spirit of God—is alienated from the life of God, and is enmity against God. Should any reader deem it severe to speak thus of one whose conduct was, in the world's esteem, blameless, we must reply that the above solemn declarations of Scripture are levelled, not exclusively, or principally, at grossly vicious conduct, but at "the friendship of the world," the preference of the world to God, the love of worldly pleasures, a conformity to the spirit of the world, the absence of that transformation—that renewal of the mind, and heart, and

affections, which is necessary to constitute the disciples of Christ on earth, and to designate the heirs of his glory in heaven.*

It is also worthy of observation, that when the mind is enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, and the change above referred to has taken place, a more just and correct view is taken of the evil of sin. The conscience is burdened with a sense of many things, as sins against God, which the world in general deems mere trifles, not worth a moment's serious consideration; and there is an earnest desire to be forgiven for Christ's sake, for the sin of not having loved God with heart, and soul, and mind, and strength. That such a change was brought about in the subject of these memoirs, her subsequent experience and character leave no room to doubt. If, in the absence of direct evidence, it may be permitted to hazard a conjecture as to the time and means of its taking place, it may, with some probability, be assigned to the intercourse with her elder sister, which took place during her first widowhood; as many expressions of lady Russell, in reference to that sister, convey the idea of her having been a valuable friend and counsellor.

Among the early instructors of lady Rachel must be mentioned Dr. Fitzwilliam, a worthy clergyman, for many years chaplain to the earl of Southampton, as he was, after the death of that nobleman, to the duke of York. He was

* Rom. viii. 7, 8; Eph. ii. 2, 3; iv. 18; Rom. xii. 2.

also rector of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and canon of Windsor—both which preferments he relinquished after the revolution, from conscientious scruples as to taking the required oaths. He was highly esteemed by lady Russell, and a very affectionate intercourse was kept up between them. Several letters are preserved on both sides, from which it appears that the good man cherished a pastoral—almost a parental—solicitude for the family; and that lady Rachel regarded him with veneration, as the pious instructor of her youth. She fulfilled towards him the sacred precept, “Thine own friend, and thy father’s friend, forsake not,” Prov. xxvii. 10.

It would seem very desirable to possess some permanent record of the thoughts and feelings of this interesting lady in early life—especially some memorial of the commencement and progress of her piety. But no such record exists, and we are left to trace the cause in its effects. “The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” Such fruits, through a long life, and in circumstances of peculiar and varied trial, adorned the character, and blessed the connexions, of lady Russell; and they bear testimony to a living principle of grace within; though we are not particularly informed as to the time and manner in which the precious seed was deposited.

According to the fashion of the day, the marriage of lady Rachel Wriothesley was

arranged, by the intervention of parents, at a very early period of her life.

The character of the earl of Southampton is a guarantee that, while he deemed it a part of his parental duty to form alliances for his children, whatever regard might be paid to other considerations, he could not overlook that most important of all—the character of the families to whom he should entrust the future happiness of those so dear to him. Nor can we suppose that he would force the inclinations of his children in such a matter, though—to use an expression of lady Russell herself, at a later period, in reference to such unions, and possibly not without allusion to her own experience—“it is acceptance, rather than choosing, on either side.”

The alliance chosen for lady Rachel was with Francis, lord Vaughan, eldest son of the earl of Carberry. The marriage took place about the year 1653, this young couple taking up their residence at Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, the seat of the earl of Carberry. The elder sister of lady Rachel was already married to the honourable Edward Noel, eldest son of Baptist, viscount Campden, afterwards baron Noel of Tichfield, and earl of Gainsborough. On the death of the earl of Southampton, his estate at Tichfield was inherited by lady Noel; that at Stratton, in the same county, at the same time falling to lady Vaughan. The extensive estates in London were also divided between these ladies, their

younger sister having inherited large possessions from her mother. This young lady, a celebrated beauty, (who bore the name of Elizabeth, after her mother,) was married to Jocelyn Percy, eleventh and last earl of Northumberland, of the male line of the Percys. The young earl died in Italy, 1670, leaving one daughter and heiress, who, in course of time, married Charles, sixth duke of Somerset.

The widowed countess of Northumberland, in 1671-2, was married to Ralph Montague, who, on the death of his father, became lord Montague, and was afterwards created viscount and earl, by king William; and marquis and duke by queen Anne. In these later honours his lady did not participate. She died in 1690. Lady Russell's letters contain frequent allusions to her half-sister as lady Montague.

To return to lady Rachel during her first marriage. Of the character, habits, and disposition of lord Vaughan we know but little. The conduct of his lady during her connexion with him, was such as entitled her to general esteem, and secured to her the lasting attachment of her husband's family. With that family we find her, at a very distant period of life, maintaining friendly intercourse, and promptly exerting herself to serve its members.

Lady Russell's own correct views of what a Christian ought to be, led her to look back with humility and penitence to her early life—to sins of omission and commission, and failings

in duty, with which her nearest connexion saw no reason to charge her. On the contrary, they justly honoured her as a model of virtue. It is pleasing to observe, however, in that day of high-sounding compliment, that one of lady Vaughan's correspondents, after expressing warm admiration of her goodness, thus concludes: "Present your noble husband with my most affectionate service; and I shall in my prayers present you both to God, begging of him daily increase of your piety to him, and your love to each other."

In 1665, lady Russell first became a mother, but her child was not long spared to her. This was her first taste of the cup of grief, of which so many deep and bitter draughts were in store for her.

Shortly after the birth and death of her child, which took place in London, lady Vaughan again resided with lord Carberry's family, in Wales. The plague at that time raging in London, the nobility, almost without exception, withdrew to their country seats.

But there is no retreat secure from the attacks of sickness and death. Scarcely a year had elapsed before lady Vaughan became a widow, and within two years she was called to mourn the loss of her excellent father. Lord Southampton died in 1667.

During her widowhood, lady Vaughan resided at Tichfield, the home of her childhood, with her sister, lady Elizabeth Noel. Lady Percy had been extremely desirous to

have her at Petworth, a desire in which all the noble family concurred. But the quiet retirement of Tichfield, and the society of her own, her elder, and more experienced, sister, proved more attractive and congenial, than the splendour, magnificence, and gaiety to which lady Percy invited her.

A difference of taste and disposition is very discernible in the communications of the sisters, and in lady Rachel's estimate of them. Yet it is pleasing to observe, also, the uniform maintenance of sisterly affection through all the varied scenes by which their several paths conducted them. In the gay and busy world of fashion, we hear nothing of lady Noel. She appears to have been one of those honourable women who seek not admiration, but secure affection; and slight every other distinction they might claim, compared with that of being the centre of happiness at home. For more than a century after her death, traditions of the virtue, piety, and charity of this amiable lady were preserved among the cottagers of the neighbourhood of Tichfield.

The conversation and example of such a sister would be peculiarly seasonable to one in the situation of lady Vaughan, who had sorrows of her own as a bereaved mother and an early widow; and sorrows, in common with her sister, in their early privation of a mother's care; and in the recent loss of their honoured father. We cannot doubt that the season and circumstances were improved, that

sisterly intercourse and sympathy were employed in leading to the highest, purest, sources of consolation; and that the mourner, taught, in some degree at least, to reflect on the vanity and insufficiency of the world as a portion, was led to cultivate those habits of communion with God, to which, in subsequent seasons of heavier trial, she promptly resorted, and in which she found unfailing support. The domestic comfort and happiness diffused by the presiding spirit at Tichfield, could not fail to impart many a silent hint to the observant mind of her sister. They contributed to prepare her yet more fully for the discharge of those duties which were again to devolve upon her; and for the exemplary discharge of which she was so distinguished. The terms in which lady Russell in after life reverts to the character of her sister as a "delicious friend," and enumerates, in her grateful mention of mercies, the privilege of intercourse with *such* a sister, lead to the conclusion that her mind reverted to communings yet more sacred, and effects yet more important than the mere effusions of sisterly fondness.

CHAPTER III.

LADY RUSSELL IN PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY has been justly represented as comprehending the enjoyment of health; agreeable relations; attached and faithful friends; and a degree of wealth above mere competency,—sufficient to secure from all the evils of dependence, and to afford, not only the necessities, but the conveniences, indulgences, and embellishments of life. The portion only of a very few favoured individuals includes all these ingredients; but the greater the confluence of them in number and degree, the more we consider the cup of prosperity replenished. Such a cup, most exquisitely mingled, was, for a season, put into the hands of the subject of these memoirs; and she had a heart to say with gratitude, “My cup runneth over.”

We have no means of tracing the commencement of that attachment which became a source of the highest earthly enjoyment, and the deepest earthly sorrow—which led to the full development of lady Russell’s character, and which still forms the most prominent topic in her history.

The noble family with which lady Vaughan

became allied by her second marriage, traces its ancestry to a succession of landed proprietors in Dorsetshire, who filled stations more or less prominent in the county and in the senate. An incidental act of humane courtesy was the occasion of raising the family to higher distinctions. In the year 1506, Philip, archduke of Austria, and king of Castile, on his passage from Flanders to Spain, encountered a violent storm, and was obliged to put in to Weymouth; there he was received with English hospitality, and notice was sent to the king, (Henry VII.) Meanwhile, Mr. Russell, being both a traveller and a linguist, was introduced to the royal refugee, who was so pleased with his courtesy and intelligence, that he took him with him to court, and warmly recommended him to the king. He was soon made gentleman of the privy chamber, and in the subsequent reign he received further promotion and honour. He was created lord Russell, and on the dissolution of monasteries obtained the rich abbey of Tavistock, and afterwards the monastery of Woburn. He was one of the sixteen executors of the will of Henry VIII., and guardian to the young king Edward VI., by whom he was created earl of Bedford. William, the fifth earl, maintained the character of a loyal subject to the king, a steady friend to the constitution, an assertor of the liberty of the people, and a zealous and liberal supporter of the Protestant religion. This nobleman married the lady Anne Carr, only daughter of the

earl of Somerset, by whom he had a numerous family. The eldest son died young. The second, though the subject of a nervous malady, which in a great measure unfitted him for active life, was heir apparent to the earldom.

The third son, William, who married lady Vaughan, was born Sept. 29th, 1639. His education, together with that of his elder brother, (Francis,) was conducted under the care of a private tutor, the Rev. John Thornton. Afterwards the young gentlemen were placed at the university of Cambridge, and then went abroad, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland, and residing some time at Augsburg.

Some letters written at this period, both to and from Mr. Russell, indicate that the wholesome instructions with which he had been favoured, continued, in some degree, to operate on his mind—as also that he was still followed by the anxious, affectionate, and prayerful solitudes of those who had been his early instructors. Mr. Thornton, who still filled the office of tutor to the younger branches of the family, expresses great delight in receiving letters from his former pupil, “which,” he says, “those around plainly read in my countenance, every time a packet comes.” He mentions also the satisfaction which these letters afforded to his noble parents, and begs him to give a word or two to his younger brothers to mind their studies. The letter closes thus—“Let me conclude with a request to you, to seek and fear God above all; and

with a request to God, to own, direct, and sanctify you, which I pray for with all my heart, as the one thing needful; and herein I am sure I answer to the title of,

“Sir, your faithful servant,

“JOHN THORNTON.”

These admonitions, together with a severe illness, produced some serious impressions on the mind of Mr. Russell. Writing to Mr. Thornton, after his recovery, he says, “My prayers to God are to give me, together with my health, grace to employ it in his service, and to make good use of this visitation by the serious application of it.”

It does not, however, appear, that these desires and intentions were at that time carried on to any satisfactory decision. It was not, we are informed, till a much later period, that “he applied himself with earnestness, both in meditation and action, to fulfil the duties of a Christian.”* It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he was not proof against the allurements of the world.

Shortly after Mr. Russell's return to England, the restoration of Charles II. took place. His court speedily became a scene of profligate gaiety, in which the young nobility of the day were to a fearful extent corrupted. Mr. Russell, it appears, did not wholly escape the infection. While thus entangled in a court life, he was twice engaged in duels, according to the

* Memoirs of Lord William Russell, by Lord John Russell.

common evil practice of the day. His life, thus rashly exposed, was mercifully preserved, and he was reclaimed from the error of his way. The character given of him by bishop Burnet is, that "he was a man of great candour, and of a general reputation; universally beloved and trusted—of a generous, obliging temper. He gave proofs of undaunted courage, and an unshaken firmness. He quickly got out of some disorders, into which the court had drawn him, and ever after that his life was unblemished in all respects. He had, from his first education, an inclination to favour the nonconformists, and wished the laws could have been made more easy to them, or they more pliant to the law. He was a slow man, and of little discourse, but he had a true judgment. When he considered things at his own leisure, his understanding was not defective; but his virtues were so eminent that they would more than have balanced real defects, if any had been found in the other."

Such was the candidate for the affections of lady Vaughan. In some respects the connexion might appear unequal, as Mr. Russell was at that time only a younger brother, and lady Vaughan a rich and independent heiress. Some of her family appear to have so considered it. "For his concern," says lady Percy, speaking of Mr. Russell,* "I can say nothing more than that he professes a great desire,

* Life and Correspondence, by the Editor of Madame Deffand's Letters,

which I do not at all doubt he, and every body else has, to gain one who is so desirable in all respects." Lady Vaughan, however, saw no just reason to suspect her admirer of interested motives; and being in all respects her own mistress, the marriage took place towards the close of the year 1669 after an acquaintance of at least two years.*

The town residence of Mr. Russell and lady Vaughan, was Southampton House, where they usually spent the winter. Stratton was their favourite summer retreat, where the tranquil enjoyments of home proved much more attractive to both parties than the pursuits of ambition or the splendours of a court.

During the fourteen years of their union, the intervening periods of separation were few and short. We meet with a letter or two from lady Rachel to her husband, at Woburn, when he was visiting his father there, or during his election for the county of Bedford, which took place in two successive parliaments. A few letters are addressed to him in London, and one at Oxford, when he was attending the parliament held there. To these occasions belong the letters between lady Rachel and her husband, which beautifully delineate the character of both, and present as pleasing a picture as

* It will be observed that lady Vaughan retained her former designation, according to the custom with ladies of rank when married to a commoner. In the year 1678, Mr. Russell, by the death of his elder brother, became heir apparent to the earldom. He then assumed the title of lord William Russell, and his lady that of lady Rachel Russell.

can be imagined of conjugal confidence and domestic happiness. It is evident that their chosen pleasures were sought in the faithful discharge of their relative duties, in promoting their mutual improvement, and the welfare and happiness of those around them. The solid abiding source of their excellence and their happiness consisted in acquaintance with God, a constant sense of their dependence on him, and their responsibility to him; a prevailing desire to obey his will, to bow to his dispensations, to enjoy his favour, and to advance in preparedness for dwelling in his presence above. Unless the happiness which mortals enjoy in each other takes these considerations into account, it is not built on a solid foundation. We are not to live here always, nor to live here long; and present enjoyment is best promoted, not by forgetting that the moment of separation must arrive, but by cultivating such habits as tend to perfection of enjoyment in a world where the reunion of holy and happy spirits shall be eternal.

The following extracts will serve to evince the enjoyment of happiness at once so exalted, so calm, and so truly appreciated by its possessors, as too seldom occurs in the history of the human heart :—

“London, Sept. 23, 1672.

“If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy from that kindness he

allows me every day to receive new marks of; such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do, merit to so desirable a blessing: but my best life, you that know so well how to love, and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and that granted, what have I to ask, but a continuance (if God sees fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission without a murmur to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence, having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here: what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope; then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support his servants under what trials he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it; it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long, though when we change it will be for the better, I trust, through the merit of Christ. Let us

daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears. Death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friends or self, and then what light hearts may we live with ! But I am immoderate in my length of this discourse, and consider this to be a letter."

The rest of the letter contains court and family news. Enough has been quoted to show that this excellent woman enjoyed the greatest happiness with her husband, and to her influence may be attributed not only the comfort, but many of the most amiable qualities of her husband.

This letter, expressive of so much satisfaction in conjugal life, was written about three years after marriage, but as yet the happiness of the affectionate pair was concentrated in each other only. It was not until nearly two years later that their union was crowned with the blessing of offspring. Their eldest daughter was born in 1674; a second, in 1676; and in 1680, the birth of a son seemed, indeed, to render their domestic felicity complete.

The manner in which the children are frequently mentioned in the letters of their parents, proves that they were not consigned to the care of domestics, even the most faithful and efficient, and permitted only to hold intercourse with their parents during set periods of drawing-room display; but that the parents were really interested and occupied in whatever concerned their children.

To ordinary readers, the minute and homely details of health, progress, and amusements, might be tedious and insipid. But it is refreshing to observe that the virtuous pleasures of persons in the highest ranks of society, are of the same simple kind as those of the virtuous peasant; and that the tenderest susceptibilities of human nature are by no means incompatible with the highest and strongest exertions of firmness and fortitude.

Almost every letter of lady Russell, after she became a mother, contains some reference to her child or children, evidently expressed with feelings of the fullest confidence that the interest was reciprocal. "I write in the nursery."—"Your father, coming to see our miss, carried me to dinner at Bedford House." (After mentioning the illness of her sister's child) "Ours fetched but one sleep last night, and was very good this morning."—"Your girls are very well, and good."—"Miss Rachel has prattled a long story; but Watkins calls for my letter; so I must omit it. She says, papa has sent for her to *Woobee*; and then she gallops away and says she has been there, and a good deal more."—"My girls and I have just risen from dinner. Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and, seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to write to her papa. 'So will I,' said she; 'and while you write, I will think what I have to say.' And truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me

she had done, so I set down her words.”—“The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master improves, really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child. The more I see of others, the better he appears. I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses, and their mamma, walked yesterday after dinner, to see their cousin Allington. Miss Kate wished that she might see him, so I gratified her little person.”—“Boy is asleep; girls, singing abed.”—“Both your girls are well. Your letter was cherished as it deserved; and so I make no doubt was hers, which she took very ill I should suspect she was directed in; as truly I thought it was, the fancy was so pretty.”—“I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and am now preparing for another, these being my true moments of pleasure till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again.”

In these days of railway travelling it is somewhat amusing to read of the journeys of former times, the preparations, the difficulties about roads and horses, the travelling by day and “resting at nights,” for a distance that now scarcely amounts to a morning’s airing.

The following letters give a lively picture of the manners of the time, intermingled with pleasing touches of affectionate solicitude and satisfaction.

On arriving at Tunbridge Wells, from London, lady Russell writes:—

“After a toilsome day, there is some refresh-

ment to be telling one's story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our supper upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, nor so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here, our want is yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present conditions, to say a little of the past. I do really think, if I could have imagined the illness of the roads, it would have discouraged me. It is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks, but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer very diligent, often off his horse to lay hold on the coach. I have not much more to say this night. I hope the quilt is remembered, and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come, or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate, here is no table to set it on, but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you.

"From your

"Past ten o'clock."

"R. RUSSELL.

(From London to Woburn, August 24th, 1680.)

"Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my

soul. It is my great care, or ought to be so, so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared to bear the trial of the other."

(From Stratton to London, Sept. 30th, 1681.)

" . . . They will tell you how well I got hither ; and how well I found our dear treasure. Your boy will please you. You will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so before-hand. They fancy he wanted you ; for as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling papa. But I suppose it is the word he has most command of, so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were first in remembrance of the happy 29th of September, (lord Russell's birthday,) and we drank your health after a red deer pie. And at night your girls and I supped on a sack posset, nay, master would have his soon, and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset, but he does but rub his hands for it."

" Stratton, Thursday night.

" Sending your victuals by the higgler, I take the same opportunity to let my dearest know, I have his, by the coach, and do humbly and heartily praise God for the refreshing news of his being well. Yet you do not in words tell me if you are very well, and your going to the house, tells no more than that you are

not very ill. If your nose bleeds as it did, pray let me beg of you to give yourself time to bleed in the arm. My heart, be assured, mine is not easy till I am where you are; therefore, send us a coach as soon as you can. It shall find us ready whenever it comes, if God bless us to be well; I wrote more fully to this purpose in the morning; only I am willing to hint at it again, in case of its miscarriage. I have sent up one maid to day, and on Monday all follow. I care but to move towards London, and meet my better life as I wish to see him—well, and mine—as I am his, and so to be to old age, but above all, praying for hearts and minds fitly disposed to submit to the wise and merciful dispensations of the great God.”

“Saturday night.

“The hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than the others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectations to see a coach come for us. We have laid up all your pears. I intend them to go by Monday’s carriers. Your hawks we know not what to do with, but stay they must, I say, till we are gone and horses come back. But your new dog, I hope you will think of him, for what to do with him I know not: I have a mind to have him led along with the waggon, for there he will be safe going through towns,

and Betty Foster may take care of him at nights. But I hope you will let us know your mind to-morrow, if you can think of anything but parliamentary affairs. I pray God direct all your consultations there—and—my dearest dear, you guess my mind—a word to the wise—I never longed more earnestly to be with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. I will ever be, by God's grace, what I ought and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ I seal not this till Sunday morning, that you might know all is well then. Miss sends me word she is so, and hopes to see papa quickly, and so does one more.”

(From London to Woburn during an election.)

“ It is now between eleven and twelve o'clock—an hour, I guess, you are in full employment, and I, at the most delightful I can choose, considering present circumstances. If yours be not so easy to day, to-morrow I hope will make some amends, and by this day se'ennight the remembrance of the toil past, and the expectations of the enjoyments at sweet Stratton, will recompense all.”

The following notes show how entirely the affectionate sentiments of lady Russell were reciprocated by her husband.

“ I have stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a mo-

ment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just now going to Stratton and want the chariot and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody, but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine,

“Your RUSSELL.”

“I suppose you received mine of Thursday. I hope this will be the last time for this 'bout of troubling you in this kind, for, on Tuesday, God willing, I intend to set out to go to my dearest dear's embraces, which I value now as much as I did ten, eleven, or twelve years ago.

“If the coach can conveniently come to Hartford Bridge on Tuesday, let it. Else, Will Wright will ride upon great Dun. I am, just now, come from eating oysters with your sister, which shall be all my supper, and I hope to get to bed earlier than I have been able to do hitherto. My father is not come to town. Farewell, my dearest; kiss my little children from me, and believe me to be, as entirely as I am, yours, and only yours,

“RUSSELL.”

Quotations might be multiplied, all tending

incidentally to display the amiable and admirable temper and conduct of lady Russell in prosperity. But this department of her history must close with a remark or two. Ardent as were her attachments in her own immediate circle, they were not at all selfish or engrossing. She had a generous and sympathising heart, which took a lively interest in the concerns of her friends. She was accustomed to rejoice with those who rejoiced, and to weep with those who wept. She always speaks of her husband's family, as well as of her own, in terms of cordial respect and affection, and seems to have been delighted when occasions presented themselves in which she could serve or please them. .

One more feature of excellence must be glanced at. Lady Russell was a kind and considerate mistress to her servants. She evidently treated them with the confidence due to their fidelity. She was studious to avoid harsh and unreasonable requirements, and in the time of sickness, she humanely concerned herself for their comfort and relief. We have heard of ladies who fancied their dignity to be maintained by affecting to be ignorant even of the names of their servants; but perverted indeed must be the taste and judgment of that observer, who does not admit that lady Russell, so far from degrading, ennobled herself by the humane kindness that led her to sympathise with a sick and dying servant; and not merely to direct that medical advice should

be afforded her, but herself to converse with the physician on the state of his humble patient, and to report in a letter to her lord the issue of the disease. We remember the affecting instance given us of a master applying to the gracious Saviour on behalf of his sick servant. We recollect the satisfaction of Job in the time of his distress, in reflecting on his treatment of his servants; and we feel persuaded that lady Russell, in the time of her calamities, found some satisfaction in similar reflections, and solace in the grateful and respectful sympathy of those who served her.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY RUSSELL IN ADVERSITY.

“ If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.”

THE last chapter exhibited lady Russell in the full enjoyment of worldly prosperity. Blessed with a cheerful contented spirit to relish the common bounties of Providence, and especially endowed with those lively affections which so greatly enhance the delights of relative enjoyment, it was in no ordinary degree that she solaced herself in her husband, her children, and her friends. It often happens, however, that susceptible feelings are both extravagant in their expression and short-lived in their duration—easily excited—eagerly indulged—and speedily exhausted. Such was not the character of lady Russell's attachments. They were not hastily formed, but they were steadily cherished ; they stimulated to the discharge of the present duties arising out of them ; and through life they excited to acts of persevering kindness towards the representatives of those with whom the attachment had originated.

The strong affection of lady Russell for her sister, lady Noel, has been already noticed. During the earlier years of her happiness in

conjugal life, her pleasures were enhanced by intercourse with this dear relative. In 1679, or early in 1680, she was called to mourn her loss. We have no particular account of lady Noel's death, but several allusions in lady Russell's letters indicate how deeply she felt the loss. Writing to her husband, she speaks of him as her best and dearest friend in the world; adding, "And now, I may almost say, the only one I have in it." To Dr. Fitzwilliam, who appears to have been residing with, or near, lord Noel's family, "I am very earnest to hear, good doctor, how my brother is after his journey, and melancholy welcome home." "My lord presents his service to my brother, I do so too; and heartily pray God to comfort him in his sorrows, and direct him in all his actions." "I was sensibly troubled, sir, at the reading of your letters, to find you were seized with a fresh distemper. Self-interest makes me to lament it; for such must the concerns of my dear sister's children ever be to me. But I can sincerely assure you, I am sorry Dr. Fitzwilliam labours under the sufferings of bodily pains; though the freeness of the mind, and the reasoning, and comfortable reflections you are able to make, are inexpressible comforts, which others want and few can attain to. Lord grant I may obtain, in the day of my trial, a resigned will, and a strong belief! How happy, then, was the day of my birth, which begun that of an eternal bliss! With what joy shall we praise God for ever, and, in this contemplation,

how light should all worldly afflictions seem to us ! But here my heart condemns me, who cannot overcome in any degree as I ought, the late loss of my loved sister. I pray God forgive my weakness, and that it may not provoke him to try me with greater crosses. Join with me, good doctor, as also that God would assist me in my approaching time."

This letter was written a short time before the birth of lady Russell's son. She had yet to enjoy more than two years of conjugal felicity ; but they appear to have been not entirely free from misgivings and apprehensions of political dangers to her beloved husband.

Lord William Russell was not a man of showy talents or of ardent temperament, but of high-toned principle and unshrinking firmness. The former qualities often render their possessors busy on every occasion : the latter are generally indicative of energy and perseverance in store for great emergencies.

On the restoration, Mr. Russell was elected M.P. for Tavistock, and in subsequent parliaments for Bedfordshire. For upwards of twelve years he had been a silent member of the House of Commons, and (according to his biographer and descendant) "in all probability he would have continued, through life, an inactive representative, had not extraordinary events called forth the native energy of his character, never afterwards to sleep, but on the scaffold."

Without entering into political details, it may be sufficient to observe in the words of

the noble author above quoted, that "a course of life, insulting to the moral as well as the political feelings of the people, had not a little shaken their love for the reigning sovereign. But an attachment to foreign interests, and the profession of an odious religion, had exerted the strongest aversions to the presumptive successor to the throne." People were awakened to a sense of their danger, and a party was formed in the House of Commons, carefully to watch, and systematically to oppose, such measures as they deemed hurtful to the liberty or welfare of the people. Among these, lord Russell was one of the most conspicuous. His first speech was in 1674. From that time he boldly, yet temperately, attacked various abuses, supported the efforts against arbitrary power, and at length joined in those to exclude the duke of York from the throne.

The principles which lord Russell adopted, and the line of conduct he pursued, would almost infallibly expose him to danger, both by drawing on him the resentment of those whose corruptions he resisted, and by linking him with others less upright, single-minded, and moderate than himself. We wonder not that his quick-sighted and affectionate wife perceived these dangers; and that, while she fully sympathised with his just and noble principles, and honoured his adherence to them, she sometimes interposed hints of caution against questionable measures. The following are specimens, of which the particular occasions may be surmised,

though they are not positively known. (1.) A note, indorsed in the hand-writing of lord Russell, "March, 1678, while the house was sitting."—"My sister* being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night, that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the house. This alarms me ; and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly, if you have, or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg, once more, to know the truth. 'Tis more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too. If I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.—R. RUSSELL."

(2.) During lord Russell's absence at Woburn, during an election, February 15, 1679. "I wish the day were over ; but fear it is so likely to be a troublesome one, that I shall not see you so soon as my last desired. Yet if it may be, I wish for it. The main reason is to discourse something of that affair, my uncle (Ruvigny) was with me so long about. It is urged—and your lordship is thought a necessary person to advise with about it—your tasks are like to be difficult in town and country. I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions."

(3.) "Look to your pockets : a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and witnesses to swear."—(What a picture of the insecurity of the times !)

(4.) Nov. 22, 1681. "One remembrance

* Lady Allington.

more, my best life. Be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell for this time.
—R. RUSSELL."

These extracts show that the mind of lady Russell was the subject of undefined misgivings as to the hazard to which the patriotic efforts of her beloved husband might possibly expose him. But intimately as she was acquainted with his sentiments and character, and entirely satisfied as she was of the purity of his intentions and conduct, even the anxiety of affection would scarcely have imagined the most distant probability of trials which nevertheless awaited her—that her honourable, her noble-minded husband, "one of the most excellent characters of the day," should be charged with dark, treasonable, and murderous conspiracy, and sentenced to die as a traitor !

In June, 1683, a design was detected, called "The Rye-house Plot." A design was formed on the part of some who desired a republican government, to seize, if not assassinate, the king and the duke of York. But this atrocity never was arranged, and the more general and ostensible plan was only to limit the arbitrary measures then pursued, and to check the violent proceedings. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney were among the number who were willing to support efforts against arbitrary power, and, if possible, to exclude the duke from the throne. With them were associated the earl of Essex, lord Grey, the duke of Monmouth, and Hampden, (grandson of the

celebrated Hampden.) Among the more violent party were Walcot, Rumsey, West, Rumbold, Keeling, and Ferguson. The lord Howard of Escrick was at one time among them; and as his rank and family connexions gave him access also to the nobler and more moderate party, he acted as a connecting link between the two bodies. He afterwards became an evidence against the first-mentioned leaders, who were implicated by his evidence alone, which was undeserving of credit. Keeling, one of the inferior party, seems to have been induced, by the prospect of gain, to turn informer. He asserted that a plot had been formed to waylay the king and the duke on their return from Newmarket, at a farm-house called Rye, belonging to Rumbold, a maltster, one of the party; and he charged both the duke of Monmouth and lord Russell with being concerned in it. The real conspirators, having information from a brother of Keeling, that steps were likely to be taken against them, agreed to separate, and each to shift for himself. Warrants were issued, and proclamations made to seize the conspirators. Amongst these, Rumsey and West were named: they soon surrendered themselves, and made up a story with sufficient plausibility to cause the conviction of their active associates, and even to implicate, in the general design for resistance, those who were really not concerned in any plot against the king's person. As to lord Russell, nothing could be adduced against him to justify the

imputation of being engaged in the darker conspiracy, beyond his having been once, partly through accident, in the room of Sheppard, a wine merchant, where he went to taste some wines; while two of the more violent, Rumsey and Ferguson, had some conversation, which he did not join in, nor even hear, about surprising the guards. This, however, was adjudged treasonable. He was condemned and beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683, a victim to the political strife of the day. Sydney was afterwards condemned and beheaded, December 7th. In these trials the infamous judge Jeffries was brought into great notoriety. The deaths of Russell and Sydney were the more regretted on account of the bad character of lord Howard, who had been a decided party in the conspiracy, and who saved his life by witnessing against others who were by no means so far concerned as himself.

It was necessary to gather up these historical particulars, in order to clear the way to our immediate object. We return to the domestic scene at Southampton House, where lord Russell and his family were residing, when this tremendous storm burst upon them.

In this critical season, lord Russell, though perfectly aware of his danger, acted with the greatest composure. He had long before told his chaplain, Mr. Johnson, that he was very sensible he should fall a sacrifice—arbitrary government could not be set up in England, without wading through his blood.

A messenger of council was stationed at lord Russell's gate, to stop him if he should offer to go out; but the back gate was not watched, so that he might have gone away if he had chosen to do so. He heard that he had been named by Rumsey, but he feared no danger from a man he had always disliked, and never trusted. He, however, thought it proper to send his wife amongst his friends, to advise whether or not he should withdraw himself. And now we see this noble-minded woman, instead of being overwhelmed by the sudden and tremendous blow, rising equal to the emergency of a situation in which she could never have conceived herself to be placed. Her quiet domestic spirit immediately assumed an activity, which probably afterwards as much surprised herself, as it called forth the admiration of those who observed it. Surely the character of lady Rachel Russell must have presented itself to the mind of the author of the "Essay on Decision of Character," when he supposed the case of a wife and mother, remarkable for gentleness and acquiescence before, when by the death of her husband thrown upon an unkind world, adopting a plan of her own, and executing it with a resolution that astonished even herself. But it was more than the power of human fortitude; it was doubtless by communication from on high, that she was thus "strengthened with strength in her soul."

We have no records of the cruel moments

immediately preceding the fatal blow by which this admirable woman was plunged into the depth of human suffering. Her feelings must have been undefinable, even to herself, and she was far otherwise employed than in attempting to give them utterance. We can imagine with what an anxious mind she went from one to another of her husband's friends, to collect their opinions as to the course he ought to pursue ; and the chill that must have struck her when she found their judgments differing. As, however, lord Russell apprehended nothing from the testimony of Rumsey, his friends at length agreed that flight would have too much the appearance of a confession of guilt. This advice coinciding with his own judgment, he determined to stay where he was ; and his noble wife, rising above the terrors and subterfuges of ordinary minds, interposed no wish contrary to the course that was deemed most consonant with his innocence and his honour.

On the king's arrival in London, a messenger was sent to bring lord Russell before the council. When he appeared there, the king told him that nobody suspected him of a design upon his person, but that he had good evidence of his being in designs against his government. He was examined, upon the information of Rumsey, concerning the meeting at Sheppard's, to which Rumsey professed to have carried a message, urging a speedy resolution. Lord Russell totally denied all knowledge of the

message. He was, however, sent a close prisoner to the tower. On going in, he told his servant, Taunton, that he was sworn against, and they would have his life. So well was he aware of the virulence of his enemies, and the *real* grounds of offence, that his conscious innocence of the crimes alleged, produced no expectation or hope of escape, when he was once in their power. From the moment of his arrest, says bishop Burnet, "he looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms. But whilst he behaved with the serenity of a man prepared for death, his friends exhibited an honourable anxiety to save his life. Lord Essex would not leave his house, lest his absconding might incline a jury to give more credit to the evidence against lord Russell. The duke of Monmouth offered to come in, and share fortunes with him, if he could do him any service. But he answered, it would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him."

Lord Russell's anticipations of the fatal result of his trial could not have been concealed from the anxious mind of his wife. But neither in his own case, nor in hers, did they lead to despondency or torpor. It is the property of Christian magnanimity to pursue the course of duty under the most discouraging circumstances; and when once convinced that exertion in any cause is a duty, to strive as strenuously as if success were certain. And in

tracing the history of great and successful enterprises of any kind, we shall almost uniformly find that they have commenced and been carried on in the midst of discouragements. Even should the success anticipated be altogether withheld, well-principled and well-directed efforts are never wholly lost. There is a solid satisfaction resulting from the honest conviction of having done what we could. Duty is ours—events are God's.

Of lady Russell's efforts for the preservation of that life, dearer to her than her own, we rather glean some few particulars, incidentally mentioned, than possess any detailed account. She was evidently on the alert to do whatever could be done, and no sooner did any opening appear, which seemed to present even a gleam of hope, than she immediately addressed herself to the course of exertion suggested, undeterred by any considerations of the labour incurred, or by any fastidious notions of exalted rank or feminine delicacy which might seem to be compromised. In that trying emergency, she acted as a woman, a wife, a help-meet; and by her magnanimity she at once secured to herself an undying fame, and conferred lasting honour on her sex in general.

The interval between lord Russell's apprehension and his trial was occupied by his matchless wife in making preparations for his defence, and in occasionally, though it should seem but sparingly, solacing his imprisonment with her society. It was wisely determined to

sacrifice such indulgence and tenderness, as might, in any degree, have tended to unfit either party for prompt and calm exertion, or for firm endurance. The following notes indicate the nature of her employment. The latter is especially valuable as a memorial of the happy combination of affection and firmness that distinguished the character of lady Russell.

(1.) "I had, at coming home, an account that your trial, as to your appearing, is not till to-morrow. Others are tried this day, and your indictment presented, I suppose. I am going to your counsel, when you shall have a further account from"—

(2.) Indorsed, "To ask his leave to be at his trial."

"Your friends, believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extreme willing to try; my resolution will hold out, pray let yours; but it may be the court will not let me—however, do you let me try. I think, however, to meet you at Richison's, and then resolve. Your brother Ned will be with me, and sister Margaret."

Lord Russell's trial took place at the Old Bailey, July 13th, 1683. The proceedings against this noble patriot were, from first to last, a perversion of law and justice, which entailed indelible infamy on the instigators and agents. This is fully acknowledged by the terms employed in acts reversing lord Russell's attainder—where his death is called a murder.

But our immediate concern is with lady Russell, and her conduct on this most trying occasion.

The crowd that attended the trial was so great, that even the counsel complained of not having room to stand ; and the appearance of his lady caused a thrill of anguish throughout the large assemblage. .

Lord Russell having obtained the use of pen, ink, and paper, with such documents as he might wish to produce, asked, " May I have somebody to help my memory ? " The attorney-general, as if to ward off the admission of any one capable of affording to the noble prisoner the advantage of any legal suggestion, hastily replied, " Yes, a servant "—to which the lord chief justice added, " Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please. " " My wife," replied lord Russell, " is here to do it "—and, as at the moment she rose from her husband's side, an impression seems to have been produced, even on the minds of the prosecutors ; and a softened tone was assumed in acquiescing in the employment of lady Russell. " If my lady will give herself that trouble," said the chief justice—and the attorney-general offered " two persons to write for him, if his lordship pleased. " The numerous spectators doubtless called to mind the faithful, loyal services of the father of lady Russell—her husband's patriotism and private worth, and their well-known domestic happiness ; and they yielded the tribute of honest sympathy, min-

gled with admiration, at this crowning act of devoted heroism. For herself, it need scarcely be said, that her feelings and exertions were too real to admit a single thought about appearance and effect. In all probability, she saw in that vast mass of human beings, only the object of her devoted affection, and the successive speakers as they rose to implicate or to vindicate his character and actions. After the simple announcement of her engagement as her husband's secretary, we hear no more of her throughout the day ; and are left to conjecture how she was sustained through the arduous task, and how she endured the dreadful result of the trial. Hope, however feeble, active and urgent occupations, however painful, together with the presence of the object of her cares and exertions, would concur in keeping up her energies while the suspense lasted. But efforts beyond the ordinary powers of human nature, are generally, when the stimulus of circumstances is removed, either by failure or success in the object, succeeded by corresponding lassitude and inertness. With lady Russell no such reaction ensued ; and we cannot but trace the extraordinary and abiding strength with which she was endued, to her habits of communion with the Fountain of all true wisdom, strength, and grace. Doubtless, in that season of deep extremity, she adopted the practice of one of old, " So I prayed to the God of heaven," Neh. ii. 4 ; and she richly experienced the fulfilment of the promise, " They that wait on the

Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk, and not faint," Isaiah xl. 31.

On the morning of lord Russell's trial, his friend and relative, the earl of Essex, then under confinement in the tower on the same charge, was found with his throat cut. The report of his suicide, as it was then represented, was supposed materially to have influenced the issue of the trial, in the midst of which it was announced. Strong suspicions were entertained that the unfortunate nobleman had been unfairly dealt with ; nor have the mysterious circumstances connected with his death, which gave rise to these suspicions, been cleared up to the present day. In either case, the event must have aggravated, if anything could aggravate, the overwhelming distress of lady Russell. She was, however, enabled so to control her feelings, as neither to disturb the court nor distract the attention of her husband.

From the moment that the condemnation had passed, lady Russell was incessantly occupied, together with the family and friends, in various attempts to obtain a reversal or mitigation of the sentence. All proved unavailing against the fears and the malice of the unforgiving James ; and Charles, contrary to his generally easy temper, was inexorable. Both were determined to be rid of so formidable an antagonist of the tyranny they were bent on establishing.

Lord Dartmouth was one who had especial claims on the gratitude of the king, for faithful services, and sacrifices endured, both by his father and himself, in the cause of both the Charleses. He pleaded earnestly for the pardon of lord Russell, which, says Burnet, "he justly represented would lay a lasting obligation on a very great and numerous family; but that the taking away of his life would never be forgotten; that his father being still alive, it would have little effect on the rest of the family, except resentment. Moreover, that there was some regard due to Southampton's daughter and her children. The king answered, 'All that is true; but it is also true, that if I do not take his life, he will have mine.'" The same answer has been assigned to the duke of York, accompanied by the remark, equally just in either case. "A frank avowal of the tyranny he intended to establish; for no one supposed lord Russell had any personal enmity to the duke," [or the king.] In a conversation with the duke of Monmouth, (afterwards) the king expressed himself inclined to save lord Russell, but said he was forced to consent to his death; otherwise, he must have broke with his brother.—But when Monmouth began to remonstrate how cruelly that noble lord had been dealt with, the king bid him "think no more of it."

Lady Ranelagh was another who had claims on the king's regard, she having been a faithful depositary of some circumstances connected with his escape after the battle of Worcester.

She, too, exerted herself in obtaining information, and in suggesting such measures as seemed to afford any hope of success. Her affectionate zeal is manifested in the following notes.

1. "To the earl of Bedford.

"This is to beg your lordship to let my lady Russell know, that her lord's address to the duke ought to be by way of petition, and that the sooner it is presented the better. It is said that captain Richardson is he who has informed that my lord Russell says his sufferings are but the prosecution of the popish plot—but I can scarce believe that true; but being told it, and that that suggestion has much incensed his majesty against his lordship, I durst not but tell it to your lordship, from whom some good news of the petition would be very welcome to,

"My lord, your lordship's humble servant,
"K. RANELAGH."

2. "For my lady Russell.

"I have, madam, just now obtained from my lord Rochester, (who has really been very affectionate and faithful in your service,) a promise that he will speak to his majesty to get a reprieve for a month; which I urged by saying none of the rest could be tried in that time. I am advised by another, that, if it were possible, your ladyship should, by some means or other, surprise his majesty and cast yourself at his feet, though in the gallery or park, to beg, if not his life, a reprieve: for he avoids seeing and hearing you yourself, because he fears if

he did both, he could not deny you. That he may not be able to do so, is the hearty prayer of

“Your ladyship’s humble servant,
“K. RANELAGH.”

The application thus advised, was made. Petitions were addressed to the king by the earl of Bedford and his son. By the importunity of his friends, and the distress of a wife he so tenderly loved, lord Russell was prevailed upon also to address a letter to the duke of York, which lady Russell herself delivered to the duchess. She also knelt before the king, pleading the faithful services of her father, imploring the life of her husband, and offering to accompany him into perpetual exile—but she was rejected. It would seem, she even submitted to solicit the interference of the duchess of Portsmouth—through whom most of the royal favours were communicated; for she speaks of having been told by the duchess, that, but for lord Essex’s death, the jury could not have condemned lord Russell. It is asserted, that the duke of Bedford offered a hundred thousand pounds to procure a pardon, but that to this proposal the king replied, that he would not purchase his own, or his subjects’ blood at so easy a rate.

It is also said that lady Russell’s cousin, the younger Ruvigny, had prevailed on Louis of France to write to Charles on behalf of lord Russell, and that he was himself to be the bearer of the letter. Barillon, the French

diplomatist, then in England, intimated this to the king, who replied, "I will not hinder M. Ruvigny from coming; but lord Russell will have been beheaded before he can arrive." It is certain that the Ruvigny family were acquainted with the danger, and exerted themselves actively, though ineffectually, to avert the stroke. The marquis thus writes—

"Paris, July 14, 1683.

"I am extremely impatient, my dear niece, to be near you. The king arrived three days since. He has had the goodness to consent to my journey. If I could but leave my post, I should speedily be in London—purchasing horses, and hastening with all the diligence that my age would admit. May God comfort and strengthen you.

"RUVIGNY."

Lord Cavendish was one of lord Russell's friends, who nobly stood forward at his trial, to vindicate his character, when it was deemed "almost as criminal to be a witness for him, as to have been an accomplice with him." Nor did he, even when sentence of death was passed, altogether despair of his rescue. He planned measures for his escape, and offered to visit him in prison, change clothes with him, and stay there to personate him, while he should escape in disguise. But lord Russell was too generous to adopt the proposal. He probably thought that flight would look like a confession of guilt, and might prejudice his associates, and injure the great cause to which his whole public life had been devoted. He said he was

very glad he had not fled, for he could not have lived away from his children, his wife, and his friends. We may be well assured that his heroic wife, as she did not, while indefatigably pursuing the slightest hope of mercy, for a moment propose to him the purchase of his life by the abjurance of his principles ; so neither, if she were aware of the proposal of lord Cavendish, would she urge her husband to secure his own safety at the expense of his generous friend. Lord Cavendish continued to the last, his affectionate attentions to lord Russell. He was one of the first persons admitted to visit the disconsolate widow ; and subsequently manifested his steady attachment to the family, by marrying his son and heir to one of the daughters.

Lord Russell, it appears, never entertained any expectation of preserving his life ; for when, at the earnest solicitation of his wife, he had written to the duke of York, as he folded up the letter, he said to Dr. Burnet, "This will be printed, and be selling about the streets as my submission, when I am hanged." Both Tillotson and Burnet, however, still cherished a hope that if lord Russell could be brought to retract, the king would grant him a pardon. They found him, though perfectly steady in his opinions, very moderate ; and they both used their utmost influence to persuade him to forego his sentiments on the right and duty of subjects, and to acknowledge the absolute illegality of resistance. Lord Russell listened candidly

to their arguments, and declared himself willing to be convinced ; but said that unless he were so, he could not profess it, for "he could not tell a lie, and he must if he went further. He had not leisure then to study politics ; but if he were in error he was sorry for it, and hoped to be forgiven." He, however, often said, that whatever his opinion might be in cases of extremity, he was against violence ; and ever thought a parliament was the proper remedy for all the distempers of the nation. He protested that he, and a few more, had taken much pains to moderate people's heats for three years together, and had persuaded their friends to be quiet and wait for a parliament.

It seems a matter of regret that the precious moments of a dying man should have been interrupted by political discussions. It was, however, done with the best intentions. The worthy clergymen who attended, deemed it their duty to correct what appeared to them erroneous in his views ; and they also cherished a hope that concessions on his part might have availed to save his life.

Lady Russell fully concurred in her husband's steady adherence to his principles, and was displeased with Tillotson for having pressed him to retract them. All resentment, however, soon passed away, and a cordial and undisturbed friendship was re-established.

Lord Russell could not be prevailed on to deny his principles with the hope of saving his life ; but he had no hesitation to write a letter

to the king, to be delivered after his death, expressing his regret that he should at any time have listened to any disrespectful discourse concerning his majesty; and his hearty forgiveness of all concerned in his death. This letter was delivered by colonel Russell after the execution; but a copy, by the advice of Dr. Burnet, had been sent to him previously, with the vain hope of moving him to mercy.

Lord Russell's gratitude for the exalted tenderness of his wife's conduct, his sense of her magnanimity, and his opinion of her character in general, prove that he duly appreciated the blessing he enjoyed; and his whole mention of her in his last interviews with Burnet, forms, it has justly been observed, "one of the noblest eulogies ever pronounced on the difficult virtues of a woman."

Burnet, who visited lord Russell daily in prison, and, together with Tillotson, attended him to the place of execution, has handed down a minute account of his conversation, from which, as well as from the memoranda published by lord John Russell, some extracts will now be given.

Of his own death he spoke with calmness and deliberate resignation. He said the courage of a dying Christian was very different from mere natural courage—that it must come from an inward peace of conscience, and assurance of the mercy of God; and he had that to such a degree, that, though from the first day of his imprisonment he reckoned himself as a dead man,

it had never given him any sort of trouble. He referred to a severe illness of his own, and especially to one of his son, when he said he had suffered much greater distress and trouble than he did in his present condition. He expressed thankfulness that he had, for many years, been enabled to live conscientiously, though with many failings and defects. A few days before his imprisonment, Mr. Hampden, a friend for whom he had great kindness and esteem, had given him, from Mr. Baxter, his book of "Dying Thoughts," then recently published. That book was a source of great comfort to him. He found in it many things suitable to his own condition, and blessed God for the comfort of that book. He said he was sometimes troubled because he had not those longings which were felt by Mr. Hampden; and that he could not pretend to such exalted joys and desires as had been described to him by Dr. Burnet in his addresses on Rev. xiv. 13, and Psalm xxiii. 4, though what was spoken came into his heart, and he believed it was sent to him from God: but he expressed an entire resignation to the will of God, and a perfect serenity of mind.

"When he spake of his wife, the tears would sometimes come into his eyes, and he would suddenly change the discourse. Once, he said he wished she would give over beating every bush for his preservation: but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards to reflect she had left nothing undone, he acquiesced. He expressed great

joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said, the parting with her was the greatest thing he had to do ; for he was afraid she would hardly be able to bear it. The concern about preserving him filled her mind at the time ; but when that should be over, he feared the quickness of her spirit would act too powerfully within her."

Lord Russell had expressed a strong desire to be permitted to enjoy one more earthly sabbath. That this wish might be gratified, an ineffectual attempt was made to obtain a respite from Saturday to Monday. On the Thursday, when his wife came in and told him that the respite was denied, he appeared somewhat moved, and said he thought that such a thing was never denied to common felons. However, he soon regained his composure, and said, that having completed his papers, he was on the whole glad that his wish was not granted, for that he desired it only that he might have one whole day for the concerns of his soul, and have nothing of a worldly nature to mix with them. He resolved, therefore, to employ the whole of Friday in religious exercises, as he would have done the Sunday, had he lived so long. On that day he received the Lord's supper, and on the appeal of Dr. Tillotson, who administered that ordinance, declared his steadfast faith in the articles of the Christian religion, as taught by the church of England ; his hearty forgiveness of all persons ; and that he had discharged his conscience by a full and

free confession. After this, Dr. Tillotson left him, and Dr. Burnet remained, improving the time in pious conversation and spiritual meditation.

In the course of that day, Lord Russell expressed deep concern "at the cloud which seemed to be over his country; but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. After dinner, he signed the copies of a paper he had prepared, and desired it might be sent to the press. He then received a few of his friends, and took his last leave of his children. On this occasion, the fondness of a father did not prevent him from maintaining the constancy of his temper. A little before he went to eat his supper, he said to lady Russell, 'Stay and sup with me; let us eat our last earthly food together.' He talked very cheerfully during supper on various subjects, and particularly of his two daughters. He mentioned several passages of dying men with great freedom of spirit; and when a note was sent to his wife, containing a new project for his preservation, he turned it into ridicule in such a manner that those who were with him, and were not themselves able to contain their griefs, were amazed. They could not conceive how his heart, naturally so tender, could resist the impression of their sorrow. In the daytime he had bled at the nose; on which he said, 'I shall not now let blood to divert this: that will be done to-morrow.' And when it rained hard that night, he said, 'Such a rain to-morrow

will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day.'

"Before his wife left him, he took her by the hand, and said, 'This flesh you now feel, in a few hours must be cold.' At ten o'clock she left him. He kissed her four or five times; and she so governed her sorrow, as not to add, by the sight of her distress, to the pain of separation. Thus they parted; not with sobs and tears, but with a composed silence: the wife wishing to spare the feelings of the husband, and the husband of the wife, they both restrained the expression of a grief too great to be relieved by utterance.

"When she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past.' And then he ran out into a long discourse concerning her, saying, how great a blessing she had been to him, and what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing to save his life. Whereas, what a week he should have passed, if she had been crying on him to turn informer, and to be a lord Howard! He then repeated to Dr. Burnet, what he had often before said, that he knew of nothing whereby the peace of the nation was in danger; and that all that ever was, was either loose discourse, or, at most, embryos that never came to anything; so there was nothing on foot to his knowledge. He then returned to speak of his wife. He said, there was a signal providence of God in giving

him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him : but her carriage, in his extremity, was beyond all. He said that he was glad that she and his children were to lose nothing by his death ; and it was great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes. Then he spoke of his own situation, and said, how great a change death made, and how wonderfully those new scenes would strike on a soul. He had heard how some that had been born blind, were struck, when, by the couching of their cataracts, they saw ; but what, he said, if the first thing they saw were the sun rising !

“ His servant requested he might sit up in his chamber while he slept. This he refused, and was locked up between eleven and twelve, leaving orders to be called at four. When his servant came at that hour, he found him as sound asleep as at any time in his life. As he awoke, he asked what o'clock it was ; but whilst his servant was preparing his things for him to dress, he fell asleep again. Dr. Burnet coming in awoke him, saying, ‘ What, my lord ! asleep ? ’ — ‘ Yes, doctor,’ he said, ‘ I have slept heartily since one o'clock.’ He then desired him to go to his wife, to say that he was well, and had slept well, and hoped she had done so. He remembered himself kindly to her, and prayed for her. He dressed himself with the same care as usual ; and said he thanked God he

felt no sort of fear or hurry in his thoughts. He prayed several times with Dr. Burnet, and afterwards with dean Tillotson ; and, at intervals, went into his chamber, and prayed by himself. Once he came out, and said he had been much inspired in his last prayer, and wished he could have written it down and sent it to his wife. He gave Dr. Burnet several commissions to his relations ; but none more earnest than to one of them, against all revenge for what had been done to himself : he told Dr. Burnet he was to give him his watch ; and as he wound it up, he said, ‘ I have done with time ; now eternity comes.’

“ About half an hour before he was called on by the sheriffs, he took Dr. Burnet aside, and said that he meant to say something of the dangers of slavery as well as popery ; but on Dr. Burnet’s telling him it would look like resentment, and begging him to let it alone, he smiled, and said he would do so.

“ As he came down, he met lord Cavendish, and took leave of him ; but remembering something of importance, he went back to him, and spoke to him with great earnestness. He pressed him anxiously to apply himself more to religion, and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity. Such was his last advice and farewell to his dearest friend. He went into his coach with great cheerfulness. Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Burnet accompanied him. As they were going, he looked about him, and knew

several persons. Some he saw staring on him who knew him, and did not put off their hats. He said, there was great joy in some, but that did not touch him so much as the tears he observed in the eyes of others; for that, he said, made him tender. He sung within himself as he went along; and Dr. Burnet asking him what he was singing, he said it was the 119th psalm, but he should sing better very soon. As the carriage turned into Little Queen-street, he said, 'I have often turned to the other hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater.' As he said this, he looked towards his own house, and Dr. Tillotson saw a tear drop from his eye.

"Just as they were entering Lincoln's Inn Fields, he said, 'This has been to me a place of sinning, and God now makes it the place of my punishment.' He wondered to see so great a crowd assembled. He had before observed that it rained, and said to his companions, 'This rain may do you hurt that are bare-headed.'"

"When all was quiet, lord Russell once more declared that, in the words of a dying man, he professed he knew of no plot either against the king's life, or the government; adding, 'But I have now done with this world, and am going to a better: I forgive all the world heartily, and I thank God I die in charity with all men; and I wish all sincere Protestants may love one another, and not make way for popery by their animosities. I pray God for-

give them, and continue the Protestant religion amongst them, that it may flourish so long as the sun and moon endure. I am now more satisfied to die than ever I have been.' "

"Then he desired the dean to pray. After that he spoke a word to the dean, and gave him his ring, and gave Dr. Burnet his watch, and bid him go to Southampton House, and to Bedford House, and deliver the commissions he had given him in charge. In these his last moments, one of his commissions was a message of kind remembrance, to one who held the principles, for opposition to which, he was about to sacrifice his life. This was Mr. Kettlewell, a clergyman, who, for his religious zeal, had been introduced as chaplain into the earl of Bedford's family, but who held, to their farthest extent, the doctrines of unlimited obedience, and the illegality of resistance under any pretence whatever."

The following extracts from the paper delivered by lord Russell to the sheriffs, still further express the happy state of his mind in that solemn moment.

"I thank God I find myself so composed and prepared for death, and my thoughts so fixed on another world, that I hope in God I am quit from setting my heart on this; yet I cannot forbear now the setting down in writing a further account of my condition, to be left behind me, than I will venture to say at the place of execution, in the noise and clutter that is like to be there. I bless God heartily

for those many blessings which he, in his infinite mercy, hath bestowed upon me through the whole course of my life; that I was born of worthy and good parents, and had the advantage of a religious education, which are invaluable blessings; for even when I minded it least, it still hung about me and gave me checks; and has now for many years so influenced and possessed me, that I feel the happy effects of it in this my extremity, in which I have been so wonderfully (I thank God) supported, that neither my imprisonment, nor fear of death, have been able to discompose me in any degree; but, on the contrary, I have found the assurances of the love and mercy of God, in and through my blessed Redeemer, in whom only I trust; and I do not question but I am going to partake of that fulness of joy which is in his presence. These hopes, therefore, do so wonderfully delight me, that I think this is the happiest time of my life, though others may look upon it as the saddest."

"The will of the Lord be done, into whose hands I commend my spirit! and trust that thou, O most merciful Father, hast forgiven all my transgressions, the sins of my youth, and all the errors of my past life, and that thou wilt not lay my secret sins and ignorances to my charge, but wilt graciously support me, during that small time of life now before me, and assist me in my last moments, and not leave me then to be disordered by fear, or any other temptations, but make the light of thy

countenance to shine upon me: Thou art my sun and my shield, and as thou supportest me by thy grace, so I hope thou wilt hereafter crown me with glory, and receive me into the fellowship of angels and saints, in that blessed inheritance purchased for me by my most merciful Redeemer, who is, I trust, at thy right hand, preparing a place for me, and is ready to receive me; into whose hands I commend my spirit!"

Having knelt down and prayed three or four minutes by himself, he arose and prepared himself for the fatal blow without any trembling or change of countenance. The executioner at two strokes cut off his head. Thus died lord William Russell, July 21, 1683, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

How far the circumstances of the times rendered justifiable the consultations and projects in which he had been engaged, and which were construed as treasonable, each reader must be left to form his own judgment. Of the sincerity of intention by which this noble patriot was actuated, there has never existed a second opinion; and it can scarcely be questioned, that his "courage and perseverance were amongst the chief causes of the revolution to which we owe our present liberties."

But who shall attempt to describe or imagine the anguish of that desolate mourner, who having, with most exalted tenderness, suppressed every expression of feeling that could tend to disturb the composure of her husband, retired

to wait the fatal certainty that neither his interests nor his feelings any longer interposed a barrier to the full utterance of her unbounded grief? But hers were not griefs that could be uttered. The most tenderly sympathizing of earthly friends could not have entered into their poignancy. Her children were yet incapable of appreciating their own loss or their mother's sorrows. Her own beloved sister was no more. Lady Northumberland was not in England; nor, perhaps, was she precisely fitted to impart the consolation needed in this dreadful emergency. The parents and family of lord Russell, themselves deeply involved in the common calamity, and all tenderly attached to the widowed mourner, doubtless rendered every soothing attention and alleviation in their power. Affectionate friends were ready to impart each their mite of sympathy in sufferings that would admit of no earthly cure; and public sorrow and admiration were poured forth in a manner wholly unprecedented; but none of these, nor all combined, could avail to soothe the anguish of that wounded spirit. Whatever extrinsic human aid might be offered and accepted, the only available springs of support must have been within the mourner's heart—the extraordinary powers of mind with which Divine Providence had endowed her—her solemn engagement to live for her children; and, above all, that deep-felt and ardent piety which enabled her to draw in, from an infinite fulness, supplies of grace and energy according to her need. She experienced the

fulfilment of the Divine promises—"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass: and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."*

It has frequently been observed that, in ordinary bereavements, a beneficial influence is produced by the attention of survivors being necessarily engaged in the circumstances attendant on mortality. "Care of the funeral," says Matthew Henry, "may be improved to divert grief for the death, at first, when it is most in danger of tyrannizing." It was well for lady Russell that, in the first few days succeeding her extraordinary bereavement, she was roused from her despondency by a cruel attack upon the memory of her late husband, in denying the authenticity of the paper he had on the scaffold delivered to the sheriffs. This paper, already printed, was in the hands of the public in less than an hour after lord Russell had expired; and it produced the effect that might have been anticipated. The court was much exasperated at this circumstance. Burnet and Tillotson were the next day summoned before the king and the duke of York, in council, and charged with being the advisers and authors of that paper. Tillotson was soon dismissed—his

* Deut. xxxiii. 25. Isa. xliii. 2. Heb. xlii. 5.

last efforts to infuse a very contrary doctrine fully exonerated him from the charge; but Burnet "underwent a long examination. He told the king he had kept notes of all that lord Russell had done or said during his attendance upon him; and, on the king's command, he read his journal to the council. The duke of York was much incensed when he found this diary tended so much to the honour of lord Russell; and concluded it was meant as a studied panegyric on his memory. Dr. Burnet offered to take his oath that the speech was written by lord Russell himself, and not by him."

Lady Russell, also, contradicted this report. Her letter to the king is that of a person roused by a sense of duty and of innocence to repel injuries; and almost reckless of the consequences of such boldness. It is interesting to observe how her noble spirit rose above the selfishness of grief; and even her anxiety to vindicate the honour of her lord, was mingled with a concern to do justice to the conduct and sentiments of others comparatively unconnected. Her testimony to Burnet was the means of affording him time and opportunity to withdraw himself from the power of a government to which his faithful adherence to lord Russell had contributed to render him obnoxious. The letter was as follows:—*Endorsed by her*,—"My letter to the king, a few days after my lord's death."

"May it please your majesty—

"I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to

misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that [during his imprisonment,]* I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to, in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true, as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not, at the point of death, do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss, in such

* The words included in brackets are crossed out.

a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it, by having better thoughts of him; which, when I was so importunate as to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have writ nothing in this that will displease your majesty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities, [and your majesty in your greatest posts,] and one that is not conscious of having done any thing to offend you [before]. I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign,

“Who am, with all humility,

“May it please your majesty, etc.”

From this time we have no farther record of the state of lady Russell's mind until the end of September, when she wrote to Dr. Fitzwilliam in reply to his affectionate endeavours to assist her in raising her mind to heaven, when all other consolations must have been useless. The letter is dated from Woburn Abbey, whither, with her children, she had retired a few days after the melancholy catastrophe. It presents an affecting and instructive picture of a pious mind striving after perfect submission to the will of God under the most

trying dispensations of his providence; and it is rendered doubly interesting by a knowledge of the fact that, while thus anxious that her mind and feelings should be brought into a proper state, she was not less concerned to rouse herself to honourable exertion, in the discharge of present duty. And many arduous duties pressed upon her, in reference to the memory of her husband, and to the care of her children, and those of her late beloved sister.

Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

"I need not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of an exercise like this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions, or worthiness, towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow,

till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition* of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts: I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sore hinders my comfort; when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself to say I

* Two or three words torn off, perhaps "the efficacy."

offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No ; I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul from sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it. And when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when by his infinite mercy I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve I do* fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints ; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers for

“ Your infinitely afflicted, !

“ But very faithful servant.”

About the same time she wrote to lord Halifax, and to colonel Russell, the uncle of her late husband, desirous of acknowledging a favourable intimation made to her by the king, respecting the property of her late lord, and also the small favour—obtained, however, with some difficulty by lord Halifax—permission to place an escutcheon over the house.

* A word torn off, most likely “ not.”

Lady Russell to lord Halifax.

" 'Tis so much my interest, my lord, (relying as I do upon your lordship's judgment and favour to me,) to be careful in humbly acknowledging those I do receive, that unless you will be strictly just to me, you will imagine this is sent your lordship from other ends than upon my word it is, since I could never in expectance of a future advantage by it constrain myself to do uneasy things, (as doing this is, to so discomposed a mind as mine;) but to be kindly used, and not any way appear I have a sense of it, would, if it be possible, add to that intolerable pressure my sad heart mourns under. All other considerations would permit me to excuse myself from, or at least to defer an exercise I am rendered so utterly unfit for; especially unless I might complain in such sad words as my raging griefs fill my amazed mind with, and, indeed, offers me no other without putting a force upon myself, which being unfit to do at this time, I ask your lordship's pardon for what I have said, and in real compassion as to one very miserable, you must give it to, my lord,

" Yours, etc. etc."

" I think fit to acquaint your lordship that I have written to my uncle Russell, to present my thanks to the king, but have intimated in another paper that he may, if he sees fit, read it to the king, having written it with that

design : if this be enough, I like it better than doing more, but if your lordship is of another mind, tell but my lord Vaughan* so, and I shall know it before the letter be given. If it be seasonable to move in the other, I presume your lordship will not forget me."†

Lady Russell to colonel Russell.

"Apology, dear uncle, is not necessary to you for anything I do, nor is my discomposed mind fit to make any ; but I want your assistance, so I ask it freely. You may remember, sir, that a very few days after my great and terrible calamity, the king sent me word he meant to take no advantage of any thing was forfeited to him ; but terms of law must be observed : so now the grant for the personal estate is done, and in my hands, I esteem it fit to make some compliment of acknowledging to his majesty. To do this for me, is the favour I beg of you ; but I have writ the enclosed paper in such a manner that if you judge it fit, you may, as you see cause, show it to the king, to let him see what thanks I desire should be made to him ; but that is left to you to do as you approve. Truly, uncle, it is not without reluctance I write to you myself, since nothing that is not very sad can come from me ; and I do not love to trouble such as I am sure wish me none. I ask after your health, and

* The brother of Lady Russell's first husband, afterwards earl of Carberry.

† Alluding to further measures on behalf of her son, which will be hereafter noticed.

when I hear you are well, it is part of the only satisfaction I can have in this wretched world, where the love and company of the friends and dearest relations of that dear and blessed person must give me all I can find in it now. It is a great change from as much happiness as, I believe, this world can give, to know no more—as never must,

“Yours, etc.”

It will readily be supposed that towards such a mourner, one in whose case so many peculiar circumstances combined, sympathy was excited in no ordinary degree; and that every consolation that friendship could bestow was lavishly offered. Several valuable letters are extant from Burnet, Tillotson, Patrick, and Fitzwilliam; and others are referred to in those of lady Russell, who enumerates this as among her many causes for gratitude; “How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians without ceasing admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me! *You* know, doctor, (Fitzwilliam,) I was not destitute, and I must acknowledge that many others, like yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them, by reason, to such submission as I could attain under so astonishing a calamity.”

Among these effusions of Christian sympathy, that of the rev. John Howe demands

especial notice, both on account of its intrinsic excellency, and because it has not generally been referred to in the published accounts of lady Russell. Its length forbids its insertion here, but it is preserved in the memoirs of Howe,* and merits universal perusal. The letter was addressed anonymously, for at that time the writer was a stranger to the illustrious lady to whom he wrote, or knew her only by the common fame of her peculiar sorrows; yet the deep sympathies inspired by the gospel, impelled him, as a friend and brother in Christ, to weep with her who so bitterly wept, to address to her, not a few hasty lines, but an elaborate and most affecting letter of consolation, and to make specific mention of her in his private devotions. It appears that some time after the extraordinary effort of fortitude already narrated, there was a degree of correspondent reaction which threatened to overwhelm and paralyze the faculties and feelings, and even in some measure to disable the spirit from yielding to the influence of the consolations of religion. "She had gone to the sepulchre to weep there," and some of her friends apprehended, from her increasing depression, that she was in danger of forgetting Him who is "the resurrection and the life." Whether or not this was the immediate cause of her aggravated sorrow, the exquisitely beautiful letter of Howe was admirably adapted, and seems to have been eminently blessed, at

* Christian Biography, Religious Tract Society, price 4d.

once to soothe her feelings, and to arouse her to lay aside every weight, and to run with patience the race set before her, looking unto Jesus." Heb. xii. 1, 2.

The letter of Howe, it has been already said, was anonymous: but the peculiarities of its style and manner, together with some other circumstances, soon betrayed the author. The lady to whom it was addressed, replied in a letter of thanks, telling the author, "that he must not expect to be concealed." This led to further correspondence, and an intimacy with the noble family of Bedford, which was terminated only by death.

That lady Russell herself was not conscious of injury from the indulgence she had allowed herself in visiting the tomb, (at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire,) appears from the manner in which she adverts to the fact, in a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, (June, 1684.) Having spoken of some duties devolving upon her, and the prospect of having fulfilled them, she adds, "How gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit—(that is, the case that holds it.) It is a satisfaction to me, you did not disapprove of what I did in it, as some do, that it seems have heard of it; though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself.

"Doctor, I had considered I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself not to break out in unreasonable, fruitless passion, but

quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to happy society. There I would willingly be; but we must not limit our time. I hope to wait without impatiency."

With apparently greater justice, lady Russell herself traced her aggravated sorrow to the workings of her own mind, in unavailing, yet almost unavoidable reflections, together with the assaults of the subtle and malignant foe. They are, she says, "surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantages upon my present weakened and wasted spirits, assaulting with divers temptations; as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room. As—when I am less afflicted, then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that, if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrow;) so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by mismanagement. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such thoughts."

From the letters of lady Russell's friends, as well as from her own, we gather something of

the afflicted state of her mind for a very long time after the stroke that laid low her earthly enjoyments; but we have also beautiful evidence of her conscientious struggles against overwhelming grief—her humble and un murmuring submission to the hand of God in her afflictions—and the habitual tendency of her mind to resort for succour and support to God alone. There was no running to the broken cisterns of worldly pleasure, or cold systems of philosophy. Lady Russell possessed those two satisfactory evidences of a state of friendship with God, so highly prized, and so well expressed by an esteemed writer of the present century.*

1. "A consciousness of approving God's plan of government in the gospel.

2. "A consciousness that, in trouble, I run to God as a child."

A judicious friend, Mr. Hoskins, of whose legal knowledge and disinterested assistance lady Russell had gladly availed herself in the management of her affairs, and in whom she justly placed the highest confidence, repeatedly refers with much feeling to her deep and long-continued depression. Having been called from London by the sudden illness of a relation, he writes—"I was very sorry to leave your ladyship, when you thought my stay could be any way useful to you, and when I saw your grief rather increase than abate. I can use no arguments to you to mitigate your sorrows, that

* Cecil.

your ladyship is not well acquainted with already. All I can do, is to beg you to employ them, and give them all advantages in working their proper effects on you.

Now, madam, summon up all your strength, and acquit yourself as becomes you in this utmost assault; and I pray God to assist you; for I must confess your loss is very great of a very good man, for whom, of all men I have known, one would have been the most willing to have died."

In another letter, after encouraging her to attend to the management of her affairs, Mr. Hoskins goes on to say—"Your ladyship will require less help than most others; and are so much valued, that there is nobody of worth but will be glad to serve you. Nothing but your sorrows can hinder you from doing all that is to be done; and give me leave, madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your ladyship, that the hopes your dear lord had, that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had of him."

Again (March, 1684)—"I wish I could find your ladyship had a little overcome your mighty grief. To see how it had wasted your body, how heavy it lay upon your mind, and how hardly you struggled with it, made me melancholy all the time I was at Woburn. . . .

At all times and places, I shall sadly reflect on your ladyship, and pray that God would comfort you, and lift up your drooping spirit." A

month later—"I do indeed wish well to your ladyship's affairs ; but what most concerns me is to see you so overwhelmed with grief. I should not doubt their good success, were you not so much oppressed with that ; it pities me to see how hard you struggle with it, and how doubtful it is which will overcome. Continue, good madam, to do your utmost—the more you strive, the more God will help. All the little services that I have done, or can do your ladyship, are not worth half the notice you take of them. I am troubled when I consider how little I could do for you in that great occasion : and any confidence you have in me, or opportunity you give me of serving you, lays the obligation on my side. There cannot be a greater pleasure in the world than to serve a person of so much value, both on your own account, and upon his, of whom you were so deplorably bereft."

About the same date, lady Russell thus expresses herself to Dr. Fitzwilliam : "The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as perhaps I would just choose : sense has been long enough gratified ; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith ; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living Fountain from whence all flows : while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace

and quiet ; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition ; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will (I verily believe) do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject ; indeed 'tis very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power."

Her allusions to the three sad anniversaries of the arrest, the trial, and the execution of her beloved husband, are very touching, yet uniformly mingled with expressions of holy resignation and confidence. They chiefly occur in her letters to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who always bore in mind the return of those trying seasons, and sent her seasonable and consolatory letters. On one occasion she expresses regret at the anticipated visit even of a sister, never having, on those anniversaries, seen any one but her children ; but she wisely checks herself, resolving "to affect nothing singular"—then goes on to anticipate the glorious completion of the

work of grace, when "we shall triumph over our imperfections, and our wills desire nothing but what shall please God." She speaks of being in the presence of God—being no more faint nor weary in his service; and adds, "These are ravishing contemplations! They clasp the heart with delight for such moments, or, to say more truly, part of a moment, that the soul is so well fixed. It is true we can bear the occasions of grief without being sunk or drowned in those passions; but to have them without a murmuring heart, there is the task; and in failing, there is the sin. O Lord, lay it not to the charge of thy weak servant; but make me cheerfully thankful that I had such a friend to lose, and contented that he has had his dismissal from attendance here."

1685. "Never could you have more seasonably fed me with such discourses than these my miserable months; and in those, this very week, in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providence, that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But now, doctor, it is the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it. Then how could I choose but feel it, at a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done?*" And sure never any poor

* Referring to the duke of Monmouth's execution.

creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul, than I have had: yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus; that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectation of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind."

"Since I unsealed your packet this very morning, the 21st of July, a day of bitterness indeed, I seasoned the first minutes of retirement I allotted on this day for prayer and memory, with reading them, and made a stop for some time on those lines, 'We may securely depend on the truth of God's promises to this purpose, that a seed-time of tears shall be followed by a plenteous harvest of joys.' It is a sound I must hereafter be a stranger to in my pilgrimage here; but that it shall one day belong to me is a contemplation of great comfort, and I bless God it is so. I must not, in lowliness of mind, deny the grace I sometimes feel, though faint are my best thoughts and performances, I am sensible."

"The new scenes of every day, make me often conclude myself void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless,

he is safe at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him, all which is now gone. I bless God for it, and pray, and ask all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray, that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards; and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually, either his glory, justice, or power, is advancing by every one of them; and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day see with ravishing delight. In this I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say, with the man in the Gospel, 'I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

"The 21st completes my three years of sorrow, which should be turned rather into joy." "While he lived, his being pleased led me to be so too, and so it should do still. Then my soul should be full of joy. But it is sad and heavy, so little we distinguish how and why we love. To me it argues a prodigious fondness for one's self. I am impatient *that* is hid from me, I took delight in; though he knows much greater than he did here. All I can say for myself is, that while we are clothed with flesh, to the perfectest, some displeasure will attend a separation from things we love. This comfort I think I have in my affliction, that I can say, 'Unless thy law had been

my delight, I should have perished in mine affliction.' ”

—————“That day—I will not suffer my hand to write ‘fatal,’ because the blow struck on it gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but help it as innocent as I can. And now, having laid my sorrows at the foot of the throne of grace, I allow some of the remaining portion of my time, to what disposes me best to cool my thoughts, and entertain a tired mind; writing, where I may do it freely, where my weakness will be pitied, not censured.”

1688, (July 6th.) “I know your next letter will be particularly valuable; and indeed, your friendship is very remarkable in it, that you carry times and seasons in your mind, purely on my account, to do me good, if that is to be done. I shall expect it, and use it as a help and part of my best entertainment on these my most sad days. I cannot but own there is a secret delight in the privacy of these mournful days. I think, besides a better reason, one is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days; for God knows, my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave—that quiet bed of rest.”—“As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over these sad days, which at the return of the year, let me struggle all I can, set, more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight. But the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is already possessed of, is my best support.”

1692, (July 21st.) "Yours I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband. It was the fast day, and so I had opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, doctor? That I do live by your rules? No, I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning: yet I cannot attain to that love of God, and submission to all his providences, that I can rejoice in. However, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from this world, (though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left.) And I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion; and in the assured hope of good things in the other world."

In closing this portraiture of lady Russell in adversity, we must not overlook an excellent feature, that of humility, which repeatedly discovers itself in unaffected apprehensions lest the judgment of her friends concerning her should be too favourable; and in holy jealousy and care to examine well for herself into her motives, principles, and grounds of satisfaction. "I conclude that what we heartily wish to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, when it animates to a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts

the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my heart."

"The near and pleasing concern you make the well-being of me and mine to be to you, I believe to be most hearty and sincere, and kindly engages me to great thankfulness; but amongst your choicest expressions, you are induced to say, you could rather envy my condition than pity it, from an opinion of being supported and comforted with a well-grounded persuasion of my having a right and title to those precious promises, that will give a perpetual rest to the weary and heavy laden soul. This, doctor, is perhaps what you mistake in; and I have led you into the error by speaking too well of my own thoughts and exercises, which are truly all mean, and encompassed with uncomfortable weakness. Yet I have not the confusion to reflect I have said anything from a false glory: I should, if I can discern right, wrong my own heart by it, and that grace of God which disposes me, though in the meanest degree, to ask for, and thirst after, such comforts which the world cannot give. What it can give, I am sure I have felt, and experienced them uncertain and perishing. Such, I will never more (grace assisting,) look after. And yet I expect a joyful day, after some more mournful ones; and though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save me in the day of trouble. He knows my sorrows, and the weakness of my person. I commit myself and mine to him."

CHAPTER V.

LADY RUSSELL A WIDOWED MOTHER.

"A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God
in his holy habitation."

"Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
Or, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy.
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul: but ah! more blest than he.
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past."

RELIGION is unquestionably the first spring of consolation to the human mind under affliction. Well-directed exertion is the second. Indeed, it is a stream flowing from the same source. It is the natural tendency of vital religion to impel to activity; and in the very deepest tribulation there is comfort in the thought, "God has seen fit to change my position, but he has not deprived me of my duties. I have still something to do. My fellow-creatures have claims upon me. I am not condemned to be absolutely useless; therefore, I cannot be absolutely wretched."

The well-regulated mind of lady Russell was soon brought under the salutary influence of

such considerations : and though at first she probably roused herself to the discharge of the active duties devolving on her, simply because they *were* duties, she experienced in her own soul the happy results of faithful obedience.

Among the first cares that claimed the attention of lady Russell in her widowhood, was a resettlement of the trust of her sister's children, which, by lord Russell's condemnation, had devolved upon the king. Whether or not this trust was relinquished by him, lady Russell had a great deal to do with it. At an early date after her great trouble, her correspondent, Mr. Hoskins, commended the care she discovered in this matter, "answerable to her near relations and great friendship." As a truly judicious friend, Mr. Hoskins was anxious to spare her all unnecessary trouble, and yet to draw her, by degrees, to inform herself, and take an interest in what devolved upon her; both as what was right in itself, and as being a likely means of drawing off her mind from the perpetual contemplation of her sorrows. With this view, also, we find him approving some changes she proposed in her domestic establishment; observing, with much good sense—"My meaning is, not to advise your ladyship to live below your quality, but methinks it is beneath nobody to keep no more [servants] than they have business for. 'Tis the way to save trouble as well as charge, and to have business better done." With what intelligence and discretion she attended to the

management of affairs, incidentally appears throughout her correspondence. In the spring of 1684, she mentions her intention of visiting Stratton, the now desolate scenes of her former enjoyments. "However," she writes, "places are nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me? Nor would I have it otherwise. So I resolve this shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is the settling, and indeed, giving up the trust my dear lord had from my best sister. Fain would I see that performed, as I think he would have done it had he lived."

Lady Russell had wisely resolved to occupy herself chiefly in the important work of educating her children. "I am very glad," writes Dr. Burnet, (Feb. 1684,) "you mean to employ so much of your time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess. For as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wasted and wounded spirit." This advice she appears to have fully carried out. All her subsequent letters refer to her children, as under her immediate care. She watched over their health, the formation of their characters, and the judicious advancement of their interests, with unwearied zeal and assiduity.

The proposed journey to Stratton was postponed by a fresh visitation of affliction to the

mourning family at Woburn. The countess of Bedford, within a year, followed her noble and lamented son to "the house appointed for all living." The countess died May 10, 1684.

On this occasion lady Russell wrote to Dr. Simon Patrick, (afterwards bishop of Ely,) in such tones as led him to reply—"To be dissolved, and to be with Christ, is certainly best for you whenever he pleases ; but the continuance of your ladyship's life and health, if God see it good, is so absolutely necessary to the support of your noble family, that I hope they will be prolonged; and, for the sake of your children, ought not to be shortened, so much as by an otherwise innocent wish. My master's education, particularly, does plainly depend on your ladyship's care of yourself in the first place, and then of him ; for whose health I the more earnestly pray, because, with grief, I lately heard that he was ill—but I hope it is over before this."

The illness of the child here referred to, though a source of extreme anxiety to his widowed mother, was doubtless of great use to her mind, by convincing her that she had yet something to excite both her hopes and her fears, and to call for her cares and exertions. Apparently in a birthday retrospect, she refers to the conduct of her heavenly Father, both in mercies and trials, especially those meeting in the late illness of her child. "I must own that although in these years my unprofitable life has been preserved, and I have been made ac-

quainted with many sad and mortifying events, yet I am too sure that great work of real mortification to the overmuch love to, and expectation from, creatures, is very imperfectly wrought in me to this day.”—“God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatening blow which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imagination, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion—for I knew not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part towards them their most dear and tender father would not have omitted; and which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come here and hereafter.”

In reference to the intended journey to Stratton, maternal anxiety led her still to express great uncertainty. “As to the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business to be, attendance to these children; that is, their persons; and till I see the boy in full

strength I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. He has three teeth to cut ; and till they be, I am apt to think he will hardly recover full strength. They may do so in a week ; it may be not in a month—as the wise folks say—so you see my uncertainty.” With characteristic promptness and benevolence, she adds, “ Being more certain of the other proposition you offer me concerning a charity, what I will do in it, I can answer more positively, yes, I will, sir.”

Soon after this, lady Russell took her son to Totteridge in Hertfordshire, both for change of air and for more convenient access to a London physician. She was accompanied also by her elder daughter, the younger remaining with her grandfather at Woburn.

A month later lady Russell writes—“ It hath pleased the Author of all mercies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better. And I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of. But, as a quiet submission is required under the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that, though unfit thoughts may harass me, they shall not break in importunately upon me ; nor will I break off that bandage that time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are

renewed every morning. With all my strength to him will I seek, and though he kill me, yet will I trust in him. My hopes are not of this world. I can never more recover pleasures here; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life."

In September, lady Russell and her children returned to Woburn. The proposed journey to Stratton was again postponed, on account of the court being at Winchester. The physicians having advised, on account of the child's health, that the winter should be passed in London, no sooner had lady Russell formed the resolution to do this, than, with affectionate consideration, she hastened her return to Woburn, "that lord Bedford might have some weeks of comfort in the child, before she took him from him."

The prospect of visiting "that desolate habitation of hers, Southampton House," was no small trial to the feelings of lady Russell. Nov. 17th, writing still from Woburn, she says—"I have, you find, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down mine to have had continued. It was an inestimable treasure I did lose; and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But I must remember I have a better Friend, a more abiding; whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know—not only as good in a

way of profit, but amiable in a way of excellency. Then, spiritual joy will grapple with earthly griefs, and so far overcome as to give some tranquillity to a mind so tossed to and fro, as mine has been, with the evils of this life. Yet I have but the experience of short moments of this desirable temper; and fear to have less when I first come to that desolate habitation and place where so many severe passions will assault me. But having so many months endured the substance, I think, by God's assistance, the shadows will not sink me."

The prospect of returning to Southampton House, led lady Russell to renew a solicitude she had already expressed, of engaging a minister to reside in her family as domestic chaplain. The qualifications she desired show that she esteemed liberality in religious sentiment and practice by no means incompatible with conscientious and decided preference. In reply to Dr. Fitzwilliam, she writes—"Now for the first particular concerning a chaplain, I shall not be untractable. As to the definitions of a prudent person, you and I shall reconcile it to the same thing. I approve, with you, the church of England as the best church, and best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth, that we know of. But, sir, I shall want one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as cannot think so too; but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family though not of it, without

giving offence. And I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

In the nearer prospect of taking up her residence in London, she again refers to the subject. "As soon as I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, I took into my thought how the chapel should be supplied—so short a warning as I had given myself could never secure my being supplied as I desire, and I considered one of your order is not to be used as other domestics; so that if, unhappily, I should have entertained one not agreeable, it would have been hard to have relieved myself. So I lighted on this expedient, to invite an old acquaintance of yours to pass this winter with me. And if her husband, Mr. Hanbury, could dispense for some weeks with officiating, himself, at Botley, I would be willing he should supply my chapel, being at present unprovided. I am sure he is conforming enough; and it will not be difficult to any, if willing, to act that prudent part I formerly hinted, and at which you seemed almost to have some objections against—but I leave that for a discourse. I do not purpose a removal till the end of this month, if the child continues so very well as he is, and the weather tolerable."

Already had both public and private affairs concurred, as lady Russell herself expresses it, to break off the bandage that time would lay over her wound. Several bereavements had broken in upon the family circle. Sir William Verney, the only son of lady Allington by her

first marriage, died in France, at the age of fifteen, about a month after the death of lord Russell. A few months later the countess of Bedford died. In September, 1684, died Frances, lady Digby, the eldest daughter of lady Noel ; and lord Digby, her husband, shortly afterwards.

Public affairs had still more directly occasioned continual renewals of grief. Almost every measure of government was more or less connected with her own great calamity. The execution of Algernon Sydney—the trial of Hampden, and the infliction of an enormous fine, nearly equivalent to imprisonment for life—the levying fines on those who had attempted to justify lord Russell's memory—these, and other circumstances of a similar tendency, had been scattered over the sixteen melancholy months that intervened between lady Russell's leaving Southampton House, a newly-made widow, and her returning to it with her children in November, 1684. During her stay there, other events transpired, which she was not likely to regard with indifference.

In February, 1685, Charles the Second was called to his great account, and was succeeded on the throne by his brother James, duke of York, whose bigoted adherence to popery had long since awakened the apprehensions of the nation, and led to those attempts to avert his succession, which provoked his enmity against all concerned in them. All oppositions of this kind had been subdued. On his succession, James declared his determination to preserve

the established order of things ; and in some respects there was a promise of amendment. But the real character of the new king was too well known for his promises wholly to suppress the apprehensions of thinking minds, that attempts would be made by him to subvert the religion and government of his country ; and that severe trials of faith and stedfastness awaited the friends of truth and freedom. Such a tone at this time pervades the letters of lady Russell. She prays that "her faith may be kept firm under all trials that her heavenly Father may permit," and also that God would direct the spirits of all men in so difficult a time. In the same letter she refers to some recent family afflictions, regretting that her sister, lady Allington, will not dispose herself to receive the visit of Christian sympathy, and praying that God may "comfort her with his Spirit working in her heart, that she may evidence to her soul she is bettered by affliction ;" and shortly after mentions the death of her cousin Cholmondeley, "the last child," she says, "of a couple I loved and valued much. Thus it pleases God I shall outlive one generation after another. But he has wise ends in all his providences, though hid to us in this life."

In June, 1685, lady Russell refers to a threatening yet nearer home, and expresses want of thankfulness for all the good things she had enjoyed and still did enjoy, particularly "in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. God has restored my little girl. The surgeon says, she will do well. I should now

hasten to give them the air of the country, but am detained by the waiting to see my uncle Ruvigny here, who comes to me. So I know not how to quit my house till I have received him, at least into it." Referring to the illness of her niece, lady Jane Noel, she says—"They are children whose least concern touches me to the quick: their mother was a delicious friend."

The following just remarks are of general application :—"The happiest here below are not without tasting the bitter cup of affliction at some time of their life, so imperfect is this state ; and, doubtless, wisely and mercifully ordered so, that through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may be the most apt to thrust forward towards, and in the end, with inexpressible joy, attain that state where we shall feel no more storms, but enjoy a perpetual calm. What can be more ? The thought clasps one's heart, and causes the imprisoned soul to long to take her flight. But it is our duty to wait with patience, each of us, our appointed time."

The marquis de Ruvigny arrived in London, accompanied by his wife and niece, Mademoiselle de Ciré. The young lady soon after was seized with the small pox, and died in lady Russell's house. Lady Russell, writing from Woburn Abbey, Oct. 11th, thus relates the event to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—"A young lady, my uncle Ruvigny brought with him, falling ill of the small pox, I first removed my children to Bedford House, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would

have it so ; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woburn, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford House, to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever anybody had. To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss ; but to herself, death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her ; ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did ! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety, or worldly prudence : yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them." Lady Russell's last expression, as well as the thankfulness of the dying Christian, for being permitted to depart in peace and freedom from the attacks of obtrusive bigoted priests, will be readily understood to refer to the system of proselytism and persecution then rife in France, and which had very nearly reached its height.

M. de Ruvigny well deserved the character given him by his niece, of "a tender, zealous friend," as his principal, and, indeed, his only

business in England seems to have been to solicit the king for a removal of the attainder of lord Russell from his children. Having sent a letter of congratulation to the king, on his accession, he received so obliging a reply, expressing a high sense of his former services, as encouraged him to make this effort of friendship on behalf of his niece and her son. The marquis, now upwards of fourscore years of age, had several audiences of the king, who treated him with great kindness, but did not grant him that which he sued for; giving him only a general and illusory promise of doing it at the proper time. It was reserved for others to restore and augment the honours of the noble family.

After the interference of Ruvigny, the king's ministers, Hyde and Godolphin, had conversations on the subject with lady Russell, who positively assured them that her uncle had not been invited to take up the matter, and except he had moved in it, she certainly should have let it rest; that after what she had felt, she should complain of no other disappointment, and was certain that nothing could be done for her that could diminish, or to her that could augment, what she felt. "I do assure your lordship (lord treasurer Hyde) I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can that they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner

to the children of one, I owe as much as can be due to man ; that if my son lives, he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have."

Lady Russell's attention, as that of humane persons generally, was at this time painfully directed to the sufferings of the Protestants in France, inflicted by the cruel bigotry of Louis XIV., who made it the object of his highest ambition to be successful in the complete extirpation of heresy. From the accounts sent to lady Russell by her sister, lady Montague, then in Paris, she states that of 1,800,000 Protestants, not more than 10,000 were supposed to be left in France ; and these must soon be converted by the dragoons, or perish : "so that near two millions of poor souls, made out of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigour of that savage man." Louis the Great, at the summit of worldly prosperity and grandeur, flattered and almost deified by his sycophantic courtiers, appeared in lady Russell's esteem, as he really was, "the king of a miserable people, but truly most miserable himself." Happy are they who, in forming their estimate of worldly things, go into the sanctuary of God for instruction ! There they are taught to "understand the end," and cease to "envy the foolish," or to admire "the prosperity of the wicked." "I cannot choose," says lady Russell, "but consider myself less miserable than that poor king."

A few months before, lady Russell "had taken leave of her most tender uncle," and, as she supposed, "had bidden a final adieu to him:" but they were yet to meet again on earth. In February, 1686, she was daily expecting her uncle and his family to arrive, and in March she had been to visit them at Greenwich, where they took up their residence, and where, it appears, the marquis died, not long after.

Lady Russell was at this time desirous of engaging a tutor for her son, now between five and six years old; and was disposed to select one from among the refugees, many of whom were well qualified for the work of tuition, and many actually engaged in it. Whether her views in this particular were carried out does not appear.

During this winter a new and severe exercise of feeling occurred in the trial of lord Delamere—one who having, together with lord Russell, been warmly interested in "the bill of exclusion," had thereby incurred the displeasure of the then duke of York. Although this peer was tried before his bitter enemy, the lord chancellor Jeffries—constituted on that occasion lord high steward—he made so clear a defence that he was unanimously acquitted. "I do bless God," says lady Russell, adverting to the result of the trial, "that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood that has been shed of late in this poor land; but—when I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in—I find I am capable of no more glad-

ness. But every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine were not like theirs. But I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here, for which I hope my punishment will end with life." Lord Delamere afterwards took an active part in the Revolution, and in 1690 was created earl of Warrington.

Within a few days of the above-mentioned trial, a circumstance occurred of a very different nature, but which must have occasioned lady Russell considerable alarm and distress. The noble mansion of lord Montague in Bloomsbury, was, during the absence of the proprietor, lent to the earl of Devonshire. In airing some rooms reserved for lord Montague's use, a fire broke out, which consumed the entire fabric. The loss was upwards of 30,000*l*. The mansion was soon afterwards rebuilt on the former model. It is now the British Museum. Lady Russell having narrated the particulars of this calamity, and also the death of lord Arran, lady Devonshire's brother, justly remarks, "Thus we see what a day brings forth; and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon! Oh, I could heartily cry out, when will longed for eternity come? But our duty is to possess our souls in patience." This disaster caused

lord and lady Montague to visit England ; and their coming, again put off the fulfilment of the long-cherished purpose of lady Russell, to visit Stratton. "God does not," she observes, "dispose of persons or things according to our design;" and a habit of acknowledging his hand and submitting to his will in all things, is the only way by which we can learn to bear with calmness, either the greater or the lesser disappointments of life.

In June, the family returned to Woburn. Soon afterwards lady Russell speaks of her anxieties being more than ordinarily awakened by the illness of her elder daughter, who was attacked with erysipelas. It was probably during this illness that some apprehensions were entertained of the sight being injured. "I will not omit," writes the grateful mother, "to tell you how good God has been to me, in the person of my child, whose eye is as well as the other. I hope this has been a sorrow I shall profit by. I shall, if God strengthen my feeble resolves, return him a continual praise ; and make this the season to chase all secret murmurs from grieving my soul for what is past ; letting it rejoice in what I should rejoice—his favour to me in the blessings I have felt, which many of my betters want, and yet have lost their chiefest friend also."—"I might reflect (as an argument against excessive sorrow) how my son was raised up in the day of my great trouble ; and that I felt lately, I could be more miserable if the evil threatened had fallen on

another beloved child. But God has been gracious to me in healing her sorrow, and I will endeavour religiously to perform my resolutions, made in my agonies for her, of some cheerful thankfulness."

The judgment of lady Russell was so highly valued, and her interest with her friends was so deservedly great, that her counsel was often sought, and her influence solicited in family negociations. In 1685, we find her applied to by lady Digby, of Coleshill, (the mother-in-law of her late niece,) in pursuance of a dying brother's advice, and the inclination of him to whom that advice was given, to propose a marriage between lord Digby and lady Jane Noel. This was William lord Digby, deservedly called "the good." He died in the year 1752, at upwards of ninety years of age. His marriage with lady Jane took place in 1685; and a year later, that of her brother, lord Campden, afterwards lord Gainsborough, to Catherine, daughter of Fulke Greville, lord Brooke. Lady Russell had often expressed an anxious wish for the settlement of her nephew; but his decision at last somewhat took her by surprise. "However, the wise man says, there is a time for all things. I am certain there can be none in which I do not wish their mother's children as happy as my own."

How fitly does the precept of Christian sympathy adapt itself to the actual circumstances of life! "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Even in a

small circle of friends, the moments of pleasure to some, are moments of anguish to others ; and the transitions from one state to the other, even in individual experience, are frequent and abrupt. Such transitions are often referred to in the letters of lady Russell. Just now she expressed her cheerful congratulations on the happiness and the prospects of her nephew. We next find her mourning with a bereaved sister ; and at no very distant period bewailing the death of both.

She thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—" Nothing less fatal than what happened last week in my poor sister's family, I think, should have kept me, I am sure most unwillingly, from writing to you, good doctor. But you will not wonder I found no time for an exercise like this, when you hear it has been the will of God to take the life of her eldest son, after lying ill of a fever eight days. I believe she takes it heavily ; for truly I have not seen her since the child died on Sunday morning. Her lord and herself went on Saturday night to lady Harvey's. She gave me her girl to take home with me. The other boy being feverish also, remains in the house. Now my own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take some care of her two children, who are both well now, and hope God will be pleased to keep them so, and teach her to be content."

Lady Russell was no unconcerned observer of public affairs. The little she says, shows

that she had the good of her country at heart, and that she noticed, with deep concern and lively interest, both the rapid advances of those in power towards the establishment of a system of despotism, and the progress of those principles of constitutional freedom, in defence of which her noble husband had shed his blood. Considering her own bitter experience, it is not surprising that she sometimes trembled at the darkening clouds ; and could look into futurity with composure, only as she realized the supreme agency of the King of kings. Little could she anticipate the happy change, which not long after she was permitted to witness. The political movements of that eventful period will be noticed here, only as they bear upon the concerns of lady Russell and her family.

Early in 1687, Mons. Dykevalt came to England as minister plenipotentiary from the States of Holland. He was particularly charged by the prince and princess of Orange, to wait on lady Russell, and express their high esteem for her excellent lord, whose death they considered a great blow to the Protestant cause ; their hearty condolence in her heavy loss ; and their great regard for herself and the families with which she was connected by birth and marriage ; with an assurance, that there was nothing in their power they were not ready to do, either for herself or her son. On Dykevalt's return, lady Russell wrote to the princess of Orange a letter of thanks for this distinguished attention, which elicited another in reply, expressive of warm

friendship and attachment ; and repeating the assurances already given, of readiness to render any kindness to a family so highly esteemed.

In June, 1687, the long delayed visit to Stratton was accomplished. Lady Russell thus describes her feelings to her friend Dr. Fitzwilliam—who, if she could have come, as she intended, a week earlier, would have met her there. “ To have met, at my first coming, so pious and so kind a friend, would have been an advantage to me I am not at all worthy of, who entertain with so heavy a heart the many and great mercies God still preserves to me, his mourning servant ; who am indeed brimful with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived here regularly before. The poor children are pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been, both to me and them. Yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family ; though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them, with all the industry I can. For sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit.”

Having spent the summer and autumn at Stratton, lady Russell and her children returned to London for the winter.

A new concern now engaged her attention.

Lord Cavendish, the attached and steady friend of lord Russell, was now become earl of Devonshire; and, faithful to the memory of his friend, he was desirous of uniting his son in marriage with the daughter of lord Russell. At this time, the young lady was only fourteen years of age, and lord Cavendish under sixteen. It was—as was usually the case with the marriages of the young nobility in those days—rather the affair of the parents and lawyers than of the parties themselves; and the antecedent period was occupied rather in the settlement of property, than in cultivating mutual acquaintance with tempers, tastes, and dispositions, between those who were to be identified for life. It was an onerous and anxious task which custom then imposed on parents. None could bring to it more soundness of judgment and disinterestedness of aim, than lady Russell, and perhaps few marriages in high life were concluded more to the satisfaction of the parties immediately concerned than those of her children. In prospect of the marriage, she uniformly expressed herself well pleased; though she sometimes complained of the pressure of worldly engagements it entailed on her, and the interruption occasioned to her usual mode of living. “I trust my careful endeavours will prosper. Only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a gleaming of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed. I am persuaded their father was such,

and, if my heart deceives me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it."

It appears that lady Russell had informed the princess of Orange of the intended marriage of her daughter. The princess says in reply, "I hope this match of your daughter's will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I question not but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my lord of Devonshire, I cannot but be glad it is his son; believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that lord Cavendish cannot choose but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart; and if that would contribute anything to your content, you may be sure of as much of it as it is possible for you to have; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions, I shall be glad to show more than by words, the esteem I have for you."

When all preliminary matters were arranged, the celebration of the marriage was delayed, and the mother's tender anxieties awakened, by the illness of the intended bride. "What I expect from you, you will know, (she writes to her friend Dr. Fitzwilliam,) when I tell you Rachel is now ill of the measles: which in your best hours I desire you will remember, with praises for her hopeful condition. It is the third day, and I hope the danger is over; but bad effects so often follow afterwards, my fears still continue. Yet I trust God will direct and bless my cares."

On the young lady's recovery the marriage was celebrated on June 21st—a season least agreeable to lady Russell's feelings, but in which she readily yielded to the convenience of others. "Lord Devon hurried it off, being in great haste to go to the Bath."—"I hope," writes the mother to Dr. Fitzwilliam, "the prospect is good, and God's Holy Spirit has been my director in the whole affair. I do not ask your prayers: I know I have had them, and have them still." Thanking the same correspondent for his congratulations, she adds, "I trust in the mercy of God for his blessing on her, even to the measure you wish them. We have all the promising hopes that are (I think) to be had. Of these, I reckon riches the least, though that ingredient is good if we use it rightly."—"As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over those sad days, which, at the return of the year, let me struggle all I can, will set, more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight; but the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is already possessed of, is my best support. This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, they making me too tender, though in retirement they are pleasant—and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure if departed souls know what we do, he approves of what I have done: and it is a reward upon his children for his patience and submission during his sufferings."

Lord and lady Cavendish remained at Southampton House with lady Russell, about three weeks after the marriage ; after which, they all removed with the earl of Bedford to Woburn, the pensive quiet of that retreat being more congenial to the taste and feelings of lady Russell than the gaiety and bustle of London. She went to it wearied both in body and mind, yet deriving comfort from the thought that she lived not merely to bewail her own misfortunes, but to improve her character, and to be useful to her family. Her mind was at this time under apprehensions relative to the critical state of the country. "The clouds seem to gather and threaten storms." Matters were fast ripening for a crisis; and who could foretell the issue? Within a week after the marriage just referred to, the memorable trial took place of seven bishops, for remonstrating against the dispensing power assumed by the king. This circumstance, together with the birth of a prince of Wales, (by many believed to be supposititious,) which took place a few days after, hastened matters to a conclusion. Lady Russell had many anxious thoughts about the future lot of those most dear to her.

In August, lord Cavendish was sent to finish his education by travelling on the continent. He remained more than two years abroad ; returning to England at the end of 1690, during which time the happy revolution had been accomplished. In bringing about this change,

the noble families of Russell and Cavendish bore an active and honourable part.

During the months in which lady Russell had been more immediately occupied in the concerns of her own family, she had not been unmindful of those of her friends whose circumstances laid claim to her sympathy. With much feeling she mentions the illness of lady Allington's daughter, and that of her brother-in-law, lord Gainsborough, who had a paralytic stroke. From this attack he so far recovered as to execute his part as trustee at the marriage of his niece.

The remainder of that eventful year (1688) lady Russell passed chiefly at Woburn. In October she made a short visit to London, and left it "all in amaze, and all talking of the same matter"—the approach of the prince of Orange, the nature of his designs, and the probable results. "They are happy," she observes, "who, in the midst of confusions, can faithfully believe the end of all shall be rest. And if we can evidence to our hearts we have a title, according to the promises of the gospel, to that happy rest, what can be a very uneasy disturbance? Nothing should be, I am certain; yet we find pretence for it. I think I fear not for myself, but I am afraid what risks my children may run; and if that were not, our weak faith would furnish out with some other reason to justify, as we fancy, our too great carefulness." "We in the country are still kept under wonder

and expectation. The cloud is very thick that is spread over us, but that is our support, if we can but maintain our courage awhile, that nothing that can befall us can hurt us much; being the power of man, reaches no farther than these frail bodies, that must, however, in a little while, lie down, until that great and glorious day of the Lord, when all men's works shall be tried by a right judgment. Then shall we see many justified that have stood condemned with the world. Until then, I desire to wait with patience.

"I have told you before, if my paper has come at all to you, that lord Bedford is preparing to remove from this place, if the prince land northward, to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. God have you in his protection is the prayer of—your friend and servant."

"Oct. 28, 1688."

Shortly after the date of this extract, the prince of Orange landed at Torbay. From that period, two full months intervened before king James left the country, which must have been a season of great uncertainty and anxiety to all parties. In November, lady Russell was again in London, whence, on the 29th, she wrote a lively letter to lady Margaret Russell, full of the *on dits* of the day. It is almost the only letter that contains no allusion to her own heavy sorrows. She passes no opinion on the facts she relates, yet she was evidently inspirited with the prospect of her country's rescue. She must shortly after have returned

to Woburn, as her letters early in December are dated thence. December 8th, while the prince was at Salisbury, and Dr. Burnet with him, lady Russell sent a special messenger to the latter, (with whom she had always maintained a correspondence,) expressing her anxious desire that the bearer might return, charged with good reports. "Curiosity," she says, "may be too eager, and therefore not to be justified, but sure it is unavoidable. I do not ask you should satisfy any part of it, farther than you can in six lines. But I would see something of your hand-writing upon English ground, and not read in print only the labour of your brains." Burnet's answer, if any other than a verbal message, was most likely, as a matter of precaution, destroyed. The same date lady Russell writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam: "So great a change has appeared in the space of one month! May the great Dispensator of all these wonderful events dispose our hearts and minds, and direct them to a right use of so much mercy: and let it be his will to perfect the work he has to do among us, to the comfort of every serious and thoughtful Christian. It is a time, I confess, one would be very glad to spend some hours in free discourse with a friend there is no need to disguise any thoughts before: when it is denied, one must be content as one can."

The following is supposed also to be to Dr. Fitzwilliam: yet the suspension of intercourse

referred to renders it very doubtful. There is some reason to think it was addressed to Howe. "There needs no art to engage your belief of so sincere a truth as I am going to write to you; that since I purposely read the last verse of the 73rd Psalm I have had more mind to scribble a few lines to you than ever I had in my life. Not from any hope I have to speak any thing will please me; my thoughts are too much crowded to get a passage to express what I feel. My religion and my country are dear to me, and my own hard fate will ever be as a green wound. I need say no more to you. I have been but too impatient to say so much; I have fancied it a sort of guilt not to do it, and a want of ingenuity not to find an opportunity: yet I met it not till now. . . . I was two or three days in London at that very instant of time when the first consternation was upon some, for what has since fallen out, which is marvellous indeed! Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream. Yet it is indeed real, and so amazing a reality of mercy as ought to melt and ravish our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him who is the disposer of all providences."

The opening year (1689) called forth the sympathetic sorrow of lady Russell on behalf of the family of her late beloved sister. In January, lord Gainsborough had a second attack of paralysis, which left him in a state that

forbade all hopes of recovery. He died in April.

A letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam refers to this visitation, and indirectly also to the cruelties practised on the French Protestants, and the efforts of Christian liberality for their assistance. "You have, since I saw you, good doctor, so shifted places, that my letters cannot find you. I writ to Windsor when you were gone to Cotenham, and yesterday I directed to Cotenham. At night I find upon what melancholy account you were gone to poor lady Gainsborough's. I imagine your compassionate temper and true Christian disposition to mourn with them that mourn (which I have had full proof of) will not let you quit that distressed family. So soon as this will reach you, be so kind as to say something to my lady. I will own all you can say that is kind and respectful. I consider her as one who has been a blessing to the family. She must have known much sorrow and care in it; but she cannot miss a reward for her good works: as to herself, I have ever esteemed her person.

"I pity good lady Betty, though I believe lady Julian may have the greater loss. The first, I fancy, may have the greater sense what the want of parents is. But I have a good hope their mother's children shall feel the mercies of God. . . . I must repeat a question to you I made in my letter yesterday. It was to ask you if I am right that you ordered me

to lay down four guineas for you towards the redemption of some French Protestants taken going to Holland, and made slaves in Algiers? They are now redeemed—four ministers, or five, and the rest *proposans*.* My cousin, Ruvigny, has paid the money, and I am to gather, to reimburse him, the greater part if I can. I have sometime since writ to lord Campden for his contribution, and he bid me lay down for him, but the time was not come till now. So I will remind him again in a few days, but I think it not fit yet in his present circumstances."

Dr. Fitzwilliam was one among many of the clergy who, though heartily rejoiced at the better state of things produced by the Revolution, had conscientious scruples to swearing allegiance towards any other as rightful sovereign, during the life of James. To avoid the necessity of either doing this, or positively refusing to do it, he was desirous of going abroad, and had sought, through the influence of lady Russell, permission to do so. From the whole tenor of her correspondence on this subject, it is evident that lady Russell, while she respected the scruples of her friend, and was willing to serve him in his own way, yet rather desired and hoped that the difficulty might be obviated.

February 3rd, the day after the princess of Orange arrived in London from Holland, the prince and princess were proclaimed king and

* Probationers for the ministry.

queen. At this ceremony, and also at the drawing-room in the evening, the young lady Cavendish was present, with her mother-in-law, the countess of Devonshire. Of this she gave a lively account to a young friend in the country, probably her cousin, Miss Allington, and expressed, together with gratification in the spectacle, the natural feeling of pleasure in seeing the sovereignty thus transferred from "king James, her father's murderer."

No sooner were William and Mary in possession of the throne than they hastened to fulfil their promises to the Bedford family. The second act passed in this reign was a reversal of the attainder of lord Russell, in the preamble of which his execution is called a "murder." When this bill came down to the House of Commons, some who had taken an active part in the trial, attempted to justify their conduct. But this only excited the indignation of the house. It was moved by sir Thomas Clarges to leave out of the bill these words, "it is at the request of the earl of Bedford and lady Russell only," because the justice of the nation is of more importance than the wishes of any private persons.

Not only was the attainder reversed, and the execution pronounced a murder, but a committee was appointed to inquire who were "its advocates and supporters," as well as those of all the other persons who suffered for the Rye-house Plot. The result of these proceedings must have been most gratifying to

lady Russell's feelings, but it was a gratification purchased at no small previous sacrifice. She must necessarily have endured much during the time that the matter was before the public, when the examination of a multitude of witnesses, and the calling up every minute circumstance, could not fail to revive those bitter recollections she had been so long labouring to suppress. She undoubtedly rejoiced in the posthumous justice done to her husband; but her feelings during the process were such as ordinary minds could not enter into, and such as would render her incapable of finding gratification in the punishment of the authors of her calamity.

Alluding to the honours secured to her son by the reversing of the attainder, as well as to those showered on both the noble families with which she was most closely allied, (Bedford and Devonshire,) lady Russell says—"For the late circumstances in relation to the family, I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof; but for any sensible joy at these outward things, I feel none. I think I should if I live to see him (her son) a worthy man."

In a letter about the same time, she speaks with much feeling of the delicate health of lady Montague's children, as also of her niece, lady Juliana Noel, and the lady of her nephew, now lord Gainsborough. She also mentions the death of lady Carberry. The brother of lady Russell's first husband, on his death, became lord Vaughan, and recently, by the death of

his father, earl of Carberry. His wife, lady Ann Saville, was related to lady Russell by descent from her aunt Penelope Wriothsley, countess of Sunderland. Lady Carberry left an infant daughter, afterwards duchess of Bolton. On the death of lady Carberry, lady Russell, it appears, wrote a letter of condolence to the marquis of Halifax, (the father of that lady,) who had recently sustained heavy family bereavements, having lost two sons within a few weeks of each other, and now, his only daughter by his first wife. In addition to these heavy trials, the marquis had experienced some political vexations, which seem to have touched him quite as closely. His letter to lady Russell, and another of hers in reply, present as striking a contrast as can well be imagined of the mere man of the world and the true Christian, as to their reflections and resources in their sorrows.

“Madam,—I must own that my reason is not strong enough to bear with indifference the losses that have lately happened in my family; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge I am not a little supported by the continuance of your ladyship’s favour to me, in the obliging remembrance I have received from you, and in your condoling the affliction of the man in the world that is most devoted to you. I am impatient till I have the honour of an hour’s conversation with your ladyship, to ease my mind of the just complaints I have, that such returns are made to the zeal I have endeavoured to express, in my small capacity, for the good of

England. I cannot but think it the fantastical influence of my ill stars, very peculiar to myself, all circumstances considered; but whilst I am under the protection of your ladyship's better opinion, the malice or mistakes of others can never have the force so much as to discompose, madam, your ladyship's most obedient servant,

"HALIFAX."

Lady Russell in reply.

"My lord,—For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that, to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, Why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent us, and lent us but for a time, we know?—and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion alone, believe me, my lord, has a power to make the spirit easy under great calamity. Nothing less than the hope of being again made happy, can satisfy the mind. I am sure I owe it more than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. You know, better than most, from the share you have had

of the one, what they *do* afford, and I hope you will prove what tranquillity the other gives."

The following year (1690) brought to lady Russell fresh occasion of sorrow, in the death of those she loved.

The battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, (July 1, 1690,) which terminated the struggle between James II. and king William, and left the latter in quiet possession of the throne of England, proved fatal to a cousin of lady Russell, a son of the late marquis de Ruvigny. She thus wrote to the bereaved mother: "God has smitten us, my dear madam, with a blow that seems very severe. But the thoughts of God are not like those of man, and we must believe that he takes not pleasure in tormenting his poor creatures. But shall we imagine that the blessed God shall turn aside the course of his providence for our contentment? Assuredly not. We must support ourselves, as well as we can, under all sorts of events, and live in hope that we shall one day clearly see the reasons of all those dark dispensations we now meet, and which touch us to the quick." Referring to this departed friend—"My soul cherishes a firm hope that he was accepted, and that his soul now reposes itself in the arms of that Saviour on whom he relied with so much faith. It is the will of God, madam, that you and I should so fulfil our duties, that whatever may happen to us may never turn us aside from the ways of God, but on the contrary, that we pass quietly the few days that remain to us before we enter

on those eternal felicities which he is preparing for us. Until that happy hour, I am, etc."

Only a few weeks elapsed, and lady Russell was called to mourn the loss of her last surviving sister, lady Montague, and her nephew, lord Gainsborough, who died within a few days of each other. During the illness of the latter, lady Russell thus wrote to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—"I fear poor lady Gainsborough is in new trouble. For though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow. It does not direct us to insensibility if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God—making his ours, as much as we can. Indeed, doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life has been so embittered: it is a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children; and would endure hard things to do for them, till they can do for themselves. But alas! I am apt to conclude, if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of everything; and of the folly, the vanity, and the madness of man most of all."

The earl died September 21, leaving two daughters—afterwards duchesses of Portland and Beaufort; but as there was no son, the honours, to which the earl had succeeded only the preceding year, passed into another family.

These fresh bereavements called forth the sympathy of lady Russell's friends; and gave

her occasion of again resorting to, and recommending the supports of religion. The following extracts are from her answers to the letters of Tillotson, Burnet, and Fitzwilliam, who had each condoled with her:—"Your letters, —, are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, overburdened mind, which, both by nature and by accident, is made so weak that I cannot bear with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt. I can say, 'Friends and acquaintance Thou hast put out of sight;' but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. They were young; and as they had begun their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are they whom God retires in his grace. I trust these were so, and then, no age can be amiss. To the young it is not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer are all we know that we can do towards our own relief in distress, or to disarm God's anger, either in our public or private concerns. The scene will soon alter to that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this, our time of pilgrimage, vicissitudes of all sorts are every one's lot."

"Every new stroke to a weary, battered carcass, makes me struggle the harder: and, though I lost with my best friend all the delights of living, yet I find I did not, a quick sense of grief; for want of due considering that whatever, below God, is the object of our love, will, some time or other, be the matter of our sorrow."

“Your prayers are, indeed, of more use than your fears; for my health is good. But I love greatly the prayers of my friends, that I may be resigned in the case of my children; for this trial has so experienced to me my sad weakness, that I doubt myself; and humbly beg in mercy, but not in judgment, that I may be spared that trial.”

In communicating to lord Cavendish the death of these beloved relatives, lady Russell thus adds:—“The best improvement we can make in these cares, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world, without some crosses: and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way, and that a happy eternity depends on one spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation. Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, and with many blessings attending it.”

Lady Russell's habitual anxiety for her children discovers itself in the tone of some of the following extracts. Early in the ensuing spring (1691,) that anxiety was called into special exercise by the illness of her son. She apologises to Dr. Fitzwilliam for a letter of his having been accidentally left unopened at a time when she was in more than an ordinary

discomposure of mind ; but adds that she is now, through God's goodness, in a great measure relieved from her fears for her poor boy, who, she says, " on Tuesday was se'ennight had so violent a cough, that in a day or two it gave suspicions of some other ill attending it. Measles I thought more likely ; and spots did appear on Thursday, and so high and with such an aspect, the doctor thought it small-pox. On Friday he was so sick and so ill, I sent for more doctors ; and three of them feared it the small-pox, and if so, of the worst that could be. But they said till Sunday they could not be positive. It pleased God they saw enough on Saturday night, to ease my heart so much as to assure me it was the measles. He has gone on very well ever since, and is now past the measles themselves ; and I hope will, in a little time, be so of the ill consequences which often follow that disease. I trust that as I have had grace to ask it, so his life is granted me in mercy, and not in judgment."

A few days later : " If you saw how many walks I fetch to my boy in a day, you would think I have done a great work in scribbling this."

In the summer of this year, lord Cavendish returned to England. His arrival separated the mother from her eldest daughter, who, during the absence of her husband, continued living with her. She was now established with lord Cavendish in the house of his father, (Berkeley House.) On this occasion, the

mother, attentive even to the minutest particulars relating to her children, recommended her daughter to lady Derby, sister to the countess of Devonshire and mistress of the robes to queen Mary, requesting that the "poor child" might have the honour and advantage of her protection and prudent advice, now on her first entrance into the world. "She has, I think," says lady Russell, "wit enough to take well either caution or reproof from your ladyship; and she is inexperienced enough to want it, and never till now been from too fond a mother. My lord Devonshire has called her out of my sight a little sooner than I thought we should have parted, my lady Devonshire not being in town. But my lord gives me so good a reason for it, (as the queen's being best pleased it should be so,) that if I had authority to do it, I would not keep her, since I would have all that is mine to pay, as I will ever do, a free obedience to all her majesty's orders."

In 1692, we find lady Russell engaged in settling the marriage of her younger daughter with lord Roos, eldest son of the earl of Rutland. This proposal, though in other respects most advantageous and satisfactory, lady Russell had hesitated to accept, from her ignorance of the young man's character, and from some peculiar circumstances relative to his birth and rights of inheritance. His father's first marriage terminated in a strictly justifiable divorce, which extended to the excision of the children from hereditary honours and estates, and left

the father at full liberty to marry again. He did so, and his lady died within a year or two, leaving him no living offspring. The eldest son of a third marriage was suitor for the hand of lady Russell's daughter Catharine. Careful inquiry satisfied the mother as to the character of the youth, and she was led also to conclude that there was no real ground for religious scruple on the other circumstance. "On the one hand," she says, "I am joyful to see my daughter bestowed to the best fortune in England; yet, on the other, if he had a kingdom with his, I would not agree to put her knowingly in circumstances that I should doubt God's blessing would not go with."—"I must thank my friends for their good thoughts of me. If I know my own heart, you are just to me in those that concern that affair, my poor child must have a part, if it take effect. My daily prayers are to be directed by his Holy Spirit, and that it may proceed or fall, as he in mercy sees best."

Again, enumerating her mercies, she speaks of the happy settlement of her two daughters which she expected to see; but adds, "though as near as we take this in hand to be, it may never take effect: nay, shall not, if God be pleased to grant my request, unless it be a thing pleasing in his sight, and which his blessing shall go along with. I am apt to say, 'unless they shall be happy in it;' but I find a distinction to be made between being pleasing in God's sight, and that being happy, as we term

it, that is, being full of worldly enjoyments. This God may withhold in mercy to their future good. So that I consider, if the act is acceptable to him, all shall work to their good, if they love and serve him. But whether by a prosperous, pleasant gale, or struggling with stormy weather, that I matter not so much—their eternal interest being my care; and this I beg your joining with me in hearty prayer for.”

During the progress of this courtship, lady Russell was honoured with the congratulations of queen Mary, who again expressed the liveliest interest in whatever concerned lady Russell or her family.

The contemplated connexion was most cordially approved by the parents of lord Roos. His mother, writing to lady Russell, speaks of the “great satisfaction it afforded her,” and adds the assurance, “nothing can give me more content than seeing your daughter mine also.” How well the young lady merited, and how fully she enjoyed the affectionate esteem and confidence of the family with which she became connected, appears from the following circumstance:—the earl of Rutland, who kept up the old English hospitality at his castle at Belvoir, and was so partial to a rural life, and so averse to London, that he caused an article to be included in the marriage settlement of his son with lady Russell’s daughter, involving the forfeiture of some part of her jointure if ever she lived in London without his consent, on

experience of her admirable temper and exemplary behaviour, as well of the excellent judgment of his son, gave them permission to live where they thought convenient. The marriage took place August 17, 1693, and was celebrated with a vast deal of pomp and ceremony. Lady Russell excused herself from going to Belvoir with the wedding company, but an account was sent her by sir James Forbes, a friend of the noble families, and an eye-witness of the honours that attended the journey of lord and lady Roos, and their reception at Belvoir, which he describes as "looking more like that of a king and queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house."

Shortly afterwards lady Russell followed the party to Belvoir. In a letter thence, she says: "I thank you, sir, for all your thoughts on the subject which filled mine this last year. I hope I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness; but above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the salvation of their souls; that they may be endowed with such graces here, as may fit them for the glories of the state hereafter."

The succeeding year was distinguished by accessions of family honours. In May, 1694, the earls of Bedford and Devonshire were advanced to the rank of dukes. In the preamble of both the patents, reasons are assigned alike honourable to the parties conferring and those

receiving the dignities. In that of the duke of Bedford, particular mention is made of his son, lord Russell. The king and queen, in bestowing the highest dignity in their gift, declare among other reasons, "that this was not the least, that he was father to the lord Russell, the ornament of his age, whose great merits 'twas not enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his consummate virtue, whose name would never be forgot so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manner, goodness of mind, and a love to their country, constant even to death. Therefore, to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, they entailed this high dignity upon the earl and his posterity."

The son of lady Russell was now marquis of Tavistock, and her elder daughter, marchioness, or, as it was then written, marquesse of Hartington. A few years later, similar honours were conferred on the earl of Rutland. Lady Russell's younger daughter then became marchioness of Granby. On occasion of this last elevation, lady Russell wrote a letter of thanks to king William, which was found in his pocket when dead.

Had the mind of lady Russell been of an

ordinary stamp, there was enough in these circumstances to elate her. But while she could not be indifferent, either to the vindication of her husband's honour, or the interests of his surviving family, she was enabled uniformly to maintain that noble equanimity which is peculiar to great minds. She was neither elated by prosperity, nor overwhelmed by adversity. The powerful principles of Christianity preserved her from trampling, even in thought, upon a fallen foe, or exulting in mere worldly elevation. For herself and her family, she had long learned to "set her affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." Yet her patriotic spirit could not but share in the triumphs of those principles for which her beloved husband had suffered, and which had wrought so immensely beneficial a change; nor could she with indifference know that his name and his steadfastness would be, to all generations, coupled with the honours and the freedom of his country.

Previous to the above extension of family honours, and before lady Russell's son had attained the age of thirteen, an alliance was proposed for him with the lady Henrietta Somerset, daughter to the marquis of Worcester. This proposal originated with the young lady's grandfather, sir Josiah Child, celebrated as the richest commoner in Great Britain, as well as a man of the highest worth and honour. His wishes were communicated to lady Russell through their mutual friend, Howe. The

proposal was declined, on what ground does not appear, but about two years later a marriage was contracted between the young marquis and another granddaughter of sir Josiah Child, Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of John Howland, esq., of Streatham, in Surrey: and thus the desire of the wealthy merchant was accomplished—"that so great a fortune as God's providence had cast on her (his grandchild) might fall into the best and most pious noble family he knew, for such he esteemed lord Bedford's to be." This affair is referred to in a letter of Howe to Thornton, still the chaplain at Woburn, and tutor to the young lord.

Lord Tavistock, on his marriage with Miss Howland, was created baron Howland, of Streatham.

Having fixed on the future companion of her son, lady Russell discovered an affectionate and judicious interest in all that concerned the young lady. She maintained an intimate correspondence with her mother, and entered warmly into the details of her health and education. Mrs. Howland and her daughter—then a child of eight or nine years old—had occupied Southampton House during their stay in London, when lady Russell thus wrote from Stratton:—"I am too much concerned at lady Tavistock's complaints (though ever so small) to pass in silence the first opportunity after your report, to know how she is. . . . It is possible the air, and some change in the method of living, may contribute to this little

disorder. But if it has, it is not to be repented, for it is what must happen at one time or other: and the younger, the better it is to be accustomed to a variety of living, that in all likelihood must happen, and I hope agree with her. However, I guess you are eager to try Streatham air, and regular way there, which makes you set your time to remove so soon. If my house has been to your satisfaction, I am sure it is to mine that you have used it to yours and your daughter's, who, lady Margaret tells me, has most apparently profited by Mr. Hicks, which I really much rejoice at. Though I confess fashion and those other accomplishments that are perhaps overrated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body as grace is to the mind: and I wish, and do more than that, for I pray constantly, she may be a perfect creature both in mind and body, that is, in the manner we can reach perfection in this world."

At this time lord Tavistock was preparing to enter the university of Oxford. He had barely attained the age of fifteen, when a proposal was made to his friends, in the most flattering manner, to permit him to stand for the representation in parliament of the county of Middlesex. Lady Russell's sound and steady judgment at once perceived the mischiefs likely to result from so premature an entrance on public life. She was not dazzled or bewildered by the eagerness of great men

to bring forward her son, by the confidence cherished that his very name would insure success, or by the example of other senators as youthful. Still, however, with a diffidence of her own opinion, generally found in those most capable of forming a judicious one, she requested the advice of her friends. The duke of Bedford's judgment had already been expressed, and fully concurred with her own. The decision was in conformity with the judicious views of the mother and grandfather; and lord Tavistock, instead of being made a precocious member of parliament, was sent to pursue his personal improvement. He was entered at Magdalen college, of which Dr. Hough,* bishop of Oxford, was then president. The bishop seems to have formed a very favourable opinion of his noble pupil, and communicated it to his mother. But lady Russell, however maternal partiality might incline her to think well of her son, had, it appears, too much reason to suspect him of unsteadiness and want of application. Anxious not to be deceived by flattering accounts or promising appearances, and in order also to engage and direct the efforts of his private tutor for his improvement, she communicated to that gentleman her real sentiments of the character of the youth.

The tutor, Mr. Hicks, in reply says: "I charged my dear lord this morning with great

* Elected president, 1687. King James's infatuated attempt to displace Hough, and force upon the college a popish president, was one of the acts that accelerated his own downfall,

promises and small performances, and might have quoted your ladyship's longer knowledge of him for undoubted authority. But his lordship stands to it that he will do great matters, and study very hard at Woburn, and that otherwise he shall not know how to employ his time there. But, upon your ladyship's suggestion, I shall be moderate in my expectations, and look for nothing but a full blush and soft words in excuse for non-performance of promise. Hitherto, madam, I have had no reason to complain of want of application, but when I shall have, (which I trust God will prevent,) your ladyship will find that I can open my mouth as wide and as loud as any body: but I cannot accuse falsely, or magnify mole-hills into mountains."

While lord Tavistock was at Oxford, his mother often took up her residence in that city. Several of her letters are dated thence. May, 1696, to Dr. Fitzwilliam: "I have scribbled so much, I must not engage in telling stories of my son. In short, if they do not deceive me in whom I trust, all goes very well." In June, to the same friend: "My daughter's condition will now very soon call me back to Southampton House. I purpose it before the middle of July. I thank God, we are very healthful in this town."

The maternal solicitude just hinted at, was in due time happily relieved. In October, lady Russell received the congratulations of Dr. Burnet, (then bishop of Salisbury:) "I do

heartily congratulate with your ladyship for this new blessing. God has heard your prayers in relation to two of your children, which is a good earnest that he will hear them, in due time, in relation to the third. You begin to see your children's children. God grant you may, likewise, see peace upon Israel ! And now that God has so built up your house, I hope you will set yourself to build a house of prayer for the honour of his name. You have passed through very different scenes of life. God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers, twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in one age, so, that it may in every one of them, answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness ; and that both you and they may be made public blessings to the age and nation."

The following letter, on a similar occasion, pleasingly exhibits the confidence of an affectionate daughter, and the anxious solicitude of an affectionate mother.

Lady Russell to the Marchioness of Hartington.

"Having no thought that my dear child had anything to ask of me, would ask a present return. Your letter being brought to me when it was candle-light, I put by reading it till this morning, when it is time to give my answer ; so that you did not write in more haste than I must ; but indeed, there is no hesitating for the answer I shall make to you. I will affirm, no mother ever was, or can be, more inclined than

myself to approve of all compliance in you to my lord duke and lady duchess. But in our present case, I must (with pardon) be excepted, in regard, as I think, both to you and myself. You brought your child too hardly into the world to let me be willing, (as I have no doubt my lord and lady would not, more than I,) that you should be without all the best helps to be had, and to see the success myself, and that would be of troublesome consequence to all parties concerned. But I am so tender that there should be no derangement in my lord duke's affairs on my account, or to give me satisfaction, that I offer this. If lord Hartington and you will take such conveniences as I can give at Southampton House, then, when the family leaves Berkeley House, if your lord and you will choose where to plant there yourselves and nursery, you shall be welcome to me, till you are, (as I trust you shall be,) happily past the hazard of one in your condition. When you are at my house, I will be leaving Oxford, as soon as you can desire me to come to you."

At seventeen years of age, lord Tavistock was sent abroad to travel. His grandfather, now advanced in years, felt much reluctance in parting with him for so long a time as his anxious mother had resolved to do.

Mr. Hicks, who had been private tutor to the youth in Oxford, was engaged as companion of his travels. The charge of this gentleman was to promote the advancement of

his pupil in classical studies, and to watch over his moral conduct in general, and especially to guard his religious principles from the seductions to which he might be exposed in popish countries. The following letter from the duke of Bedford to lady Russell, displays the affectionate anxiety of the venerable nobleman in parting with his grandson.

“Woburn Abbey, Oct. 16, 1697.

“Dear Daughter,—These are to let you know that Mr. Hicks came on Wednesday hither, in hopes of meeting master here, and how well pleased I was with his company and conversation, looking upon him as deserving a person as you could have made choice of to go abroad with my dear grandchild. In confidence not only of his great kindness to him, but also of his utmost care and diligence for his best improvement, I have laid strict injunctions upon him to follow his advice in all things that concern his soul and body. My lord Roos and he came hither on Friday night, after long expectations, and I am glad to see him look so well of it. They intend to be with you on Monday night, God willing.

“I must confess it is a very great trial to me, to part with one so dear to me as he is. But I hope God Almighty will hear your hearty prayers, and mine, and those of his other friends, by watching over him abroad, and with his good hand of providence that you, and all of his relations, may have the comfort of seeing him again. If God give me life till his return,

it will add much to the joy of it, though I dare not promise myself that mercy, considering my declining age and infirmities. I do reckon you will send him to the Hague this winter, for his improvement in his exercises; and if things be quiet in France that he may go thither for some time to his farther improvement and satisfaction: after which, to return home to the comfort of you and his friends. As for his travelling into Italy, I am much against it for several reasons. I hope you will not let him stay very long abroad.

“So with my constant and fervent prayers to God Almighty for him and yourself, with your other dear relations, I rest (not without some sadness at parting,) your most affectionate father and friend, to my last moment.”

The guardian care invoked by the prayers of affectionate parents, was extended over the young man. He was brought back in safety, and his aged grandfather was permitted to see his face. It was not, however, without distressing anxieties on account of his imprudence, to use no harsher terms. Before lord Tavistock left England he had discovered such a love of play as alarmed his mother; and in his communications from abroad he had again and again to express his deep sorrow for having grieved so good a mother; while, with too much self-confidence, he repeated his assurance that he would never act in the like manner again. It was not till his return to England, at the close of 1699, that lady Russell was aware

of the full extent of property thus senselessly and sinfully squandered. The amount was so considerable, that even the noble revenues she had at command could not enable her to meet the loss without great inconvenience.

The year after lord Tavistock's return to England, he succeeded to the titles and estates of his grandfather. The duke died of dropsy, September 7, 1700.

Some days after this event,* lady Russell addressed a letter to king William, then on the continent, soliciting the vacant garter for her son, which was readily granted.

On coming of age, the young duke was constituted lord lieutenant of the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, and Middlesex. At the coronation of queen Anne, he acted as high constable of England, and was made a privy councillor. Thus his mother had the gratification of seeing her only son established in all the honours of his race, and happily settled in domestic life. That she had still some apprehension about his conduct and principles, appears from the following letter, in which she earnestly presses upon him the claims of religion; and urges him to prove by his own experience, the worth of that which had been her own guide, support, and consolation.

“Stratton, July, 1706.

“When I take my pen to write this, I am, by the mercy and goodness of God, in a moderate and easy state of health, a blessing I have

* Queen Mary died of small-pox, 1694.

thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which, (with a much greater help, the contemplation of a more durable state,) has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end ; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast on me,* that although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation that the day is near when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity, where no unclean thing can enter ; there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the psalmist, I believe, ‘at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore ;’ and what is good and of eternal duration, must be joyful above what we can conceive ; as what is evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being ; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapour soon vanishes ;) but let us grant it

* Lady Russell was at this time past seventy years of age.

could, and last to four-score years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh! my child, fix on that word, ETERNITY! Old Hobbes, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground; the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word eternity, which so struck upon his mind, that he, from a bad liver, became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing besides the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in this life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day, peace in the day of death, and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend, I should not much care (if free from pain) what my position in this world was; if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty: but then, to be dust, not to know or be known any more—this is a thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had, and would make me careless if it were to be long or short; but to live, to die, to live again, has a joy in it; and how inexpressible is that joy, if we secure a humble hope to live ever happily; and this we may do if we take care to live agreeable to our rational faculties, which also best secures health,

strength, and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the word of God, the Holy Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them; and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament, and down to the deep: how can any doubt a Divine power? And if there is, what can be impossible to an infinite power? Then, why an infidel in the world? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days? No wise man, and, indeed, no man that lives and would deserve to see good days; for the laws of God are grateful. In his gospel, the terrors of majesty are laid aside; and he speaks in the still and soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit. For, examine and consider well, where is the hardship of a virtuous life? (when we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion.) We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life; and we may lawfully, nay, further, I say we ought to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure, we find in it; and which, in much goodness, is

afforded us to sweeten and allay the labours and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay, inseparable, I believe, by disappointments, cross accidents, bad health, unkind returns for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and what is most touching, death of friends. But in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone support, but also revive the spirit of a man ; and he goeth forth to his labour with inward comfort, till the evening of his day, (that is, his life on earth,) and, with the psalmist, cries out, ‘ I consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained. What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou shouldest regard him? Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory.’ Here is a matter of praise and gladness. ‘ The fool,’ as the psalmist expresses it, ‘ hath said in his heart, There is no God.’ Or, let us consider the man who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe that when man has done living on this earth, he lives no more. But I would ask if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in these men, at times, (as in sickness, or sober thoughtfulness,) some suspicion or doubt, that it may be other than they try to think. And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or, perhaps, suffer themselves to be rallied

out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in ; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity *he* does, who believes a future state, and is a good man. For, although this good man, when his mind may be clouded with some calamity, very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapours to a melancholy temper—I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion, that it is possible it may be other than he believes, (pray observe) such a thought or surmise, nay, the belief cannot drive him to any horror ; he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrow ends too ; therefore, it is not to be denied, he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity ; he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right. Secondly, he is secure, God is his friend, that infinite Being ; and he has said, 'Come unto me, ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy.' But guilt is, certainly, a heavy load ; it sinks and damps the spirits. 'A wounded spirit who can bear ?' And the evil, subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair ; but godliness makes a cheerful heart.

"Now, O man ! let not past errors discourage. Who lives, and sins not ? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner ; but, full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil, and learn to do well, pray for grace to repent, and endeavour

with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for: (for at what time soever a sinner repents; but observe, this is no licence to sin, because at any time we may repent, for that day we may not live to see;) and so, like the fool in the parable, our lamps be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice, is the beginning of virtue: and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind, and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys; fears not the reproaches of any; no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. Oh, blessed state!—fit for life, fit for death! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardour I am capable of, to those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed—that you may die the death of the righteous, and to this end, that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom, to discern what is pleasing in his sight.”

We have no account of the effect produced by this appeal; but there is some reason to believe that in the latter years of his life, the character of the son was more in accordance with the wishes of his excellent mother. We are informed that “in the latter part of his life he chose retirement, and died generally lamented.”

CHAPTER VI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“ Having a good report of all men, and of the truth itself.”

“ She opened her mouth with wisdom; and on her tongue was the law of kindness.”

“ A GOOD name,” said the wise man, “ is rather to be chosen than great riches,”—“ it is better than precious ointment.” For a pious person to be in repute for wisdom, goodness, and consistency, brings honour to his profession of religion, affords opportunities of extensive usefulness, and redounds to the glory of God. Lady Russell was enabled thus to maintain a consistent and exemplary character. Her “ light so shone before men, that they saw her good works, and glorified her Father in heaven.” This short chapter will gather up a few instances of the employment of that most legitimate and honourable of all influence—the influence of moral worth.

The high esteem in which lady Russell was held, was such as to induce all who had any sort of claim on her notice, to seek her advice and good offices. In several instances she appears to have been, somewhat reluctantly, engaged as an intervening party in family

alliances ; and in others, as the referee in family disagreements. In whatever negotiations she undertook, her conduct was characterised by good sense, integrity, and candour. In most instances the result was successful ; but whether so or otherwise, she seems to have secured, as well as deserved the respect and gratitude of all parties.

At the time of the Revolution, the changes which took place in various ways, naturally produced hesitation and scruples in some timidly conscientious minds. The advice of lady Russell was sought by several distinguished friends, who highly valued her judgment, and were anxious at least to secure her approbation of their motives, if, in the issue, they acted contrary to her opinion.

Dr. Tillotson, when invited by king William to the ecclesiastical primacy of England, with evident sincerity shrunk from accepting the exalted and responsible office repeatedly pressed upon him. Lady Russell, whose advice the doctor sought, had now the quiet triumph of saying in reply : “ The time seems now to be come that you must anew put in practice that submission you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to do. I see no place to escape at. You must take up the cross and bear it.” — “ Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head. When one has once turned it every way, you know that more doth perplex ; and one sees never the clearer for it. Be not stiff if it be yet urged to

you. Conform to the Divine will, which has set it so strongly into the other's mind, and be content to endure; it is God calls you to it."

Lady Russell's early friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, it has already been stated, was one of those who conscientiously hesitated to accept or retain preferment under the new government. This, more or less, forms the topic of correspondence for nearly the last eight years of Dr. Fitzwilliam's life, commencing with the first landing of the prince of Orange.

Lady Russell repeatedly assured her correspondent of her assistance, and the continuance of her friendship wherever his conscientious sense of duty might lead him. She, however, again and again, reasoned the matter over, and endeavoured to convince him that he "might honestly submit to the present government." With her usual candour and respect for the motives of others, she says: "However, after all is said, or can be said, a man must be quiet in his own breast if he can."—"I see men, whose sincerity and ability I have equal value for, point blank contrary one to the other; yet both will be, I doubt not, accepted at the great day of trial, and therefore I will take leave, sir, to wish you converted." Shortly after the date of this letter Dr. Fitzwilliam died.

It has already appeared that after the accession of William and Mary, lady Russell possessed no ordinary degree of influence. It was wisely and conscientiously employed. We find her, very soon after the Revolution, zealously

engaged in seeking the advancement of a young friend in the legal profession, William, son of sir William Cowper. In consequence of her immediate application to the king on his behalf, he was appointed king's counsel at the early age of twenty-four. Perhaps anticipating some difficulty from professional jealousy, she had taken care, before making the above application, to ascertain the sentiments of those who, from their office, might be supposed to possess influence in the matter. She mentions several, among others the attorney-general: "I tried what he could object to the fitness of it," and shrewdly adds—"He made no objection to the gentleman, but, as many others do, gave him a very good character; yet, as it is in all trades, not to help another to a shop to work in, said, it might be the undoing of the young man." The young man's friends, however, having confidence in his abilities and conduct, were willing to run the risk. Difficulties afterwards arose, which were successfully removed by lady Russell's persevering efforts. The high character and future success of her protégé proved that she did not lightly adopt the interests of those whom she determined not to abandon. Sixteen years from this period, he was made the lord keeper of the great seal of England, and afterwards lord chancellor. He was created a peer, baron, viscount, and subsequently earl Cowper. His brother, Spencer Cowper, attorney-general to George II., when prince of Wales, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster,

etc. etc., was grandfather to William Cowper, the poet.

There is much good sense as well as good feeling in the manner in which lady Russell applied to a nobleman high in office, for an appointment she was desirous of obtaining for a distant relative, of whom she says—"He is a man of quality ; his father left him very destitute, and as he says he should be very wanting to himself, if he did not seek to obtain an honest livelihood, so I think too ; and for that reason would assist him to my power. This application to you he urges very powerfully, because very modestly. The enclosed paper shows what he aims at. I take it for granted he is qualified. I am certain I would have all places, in this blessed change of times, given to none that should not discharge them with both honesty and understanding." Whether or not this business succeeded, lady Russell exerted herself on behalf of another branch of the same family. Her sympathy and desire to succour appear to have been considerably excited by some worthy members of a family suffering by the conduct of others who were not equally so.

The influence which lady Russell possessed in reference to church preferment, she justly considered as involving special responsibility ; and she was even more than ordinarily conscientious and circumspect in employing it. On account of the extensive properties held both by lord Bedford and lady Russell in London, as well as the confidence justly placed in their judgment and

integrity, they were much consulted in the disposal of parochial appointments, and were uniformly anxious to promote the appointment of faithful, laborious men, who were likely to be accepted by the people, and to be instrumental in their good.

The following extracts and statements, though not relating to circumstances of the first importance, are interesting and instructive, as they exhibit the character of lady Russell in an amiable and exemplary light; as a neighbour, good humoured and accommodating, yet discreet; in dealing with injurers, magnanimous, yet cautious. Writing to her cousin lord Galway, whose estate at Rookley was not far from Stratton, she says—"Now, my lord, I come to my neighbour Withers, as you call him. As to the warren, I do not value foxes as the gentleman does; but I do, the beauty of our warren; and for the value, you found he went but half-way. But to cut that short, it is entailed, and I must leave it so. The warrener must be bribed, not me."

In the same letter she expresses thankfulness for having brought to compromise, a person who appears, either fraudulently or negligently, to have injured her in property to a large amount:—"After many offers and endeavours, by counsel, and without, I came to this agreement. He was to make a full discovery of all he is worth—lands, houses, monies, goods, debts, etc. Then I, who was to have the whole on me, allow back to him what I think will be a

subsistence to him, his wife and children ; and so I have done. Swearing is what I desire to excuse ; for, it is possible he might be tempted to proceed in doing ill, and I not the better. And if he had sworn truth, as others professed they would not have believed him, though I am less free in the professing of it, I might have doubted. Then why provoke him to sin ?

“What has been urged to me over and over again, many times, has no force in it ; which was, that they would undertake, and are sure he could conceal ten thousand pounds, which I should never discover either in this country or India. My answer is, if it cannot be found, it is to me as if it were not ; and if I had any opinion of a conjuror, (as we call them,) I would not seek it that way ; so what I approved best of, I chose.” She goes on to speak of the difficulty she had in inducing others interested to submit to this compromise, rather than incur the expense and uncertainty of a chancery suit:—“This has given me many terrible waking hours from week to week, seeking to please and accommodate to my wishes, but they were not inclined to believe what they did not like ; so took no impression—as I would think they did not believe it did in me. But I was no hypocrite ; I felt more than I told. My mind is more at rest as to all my worldly concerns.”

CHAPTER VII.

LADY RUSSELL IN HER DECLINING YEARS.

"Then I said, I shall die in my nest."

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus by his blood
Can raise a sinking soul to God.
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
Jesus, my only hope thou art.
Oh let me catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

WE have seen lady Russell bearing the heat and burden of the day, and strengthened with might Divine, neither blenching when the awful storm suddenly burst upon her head, nor fainting under the long-continued pressure of sorrow. We have seen religion transfusing its influence through her soul, and gradually yet powerfully soothing and healing her wounded spirit. We have beheld her maternal cares crowned with a blessing—the lives of her children spared to her—and alliances the most honourable and satisfactory formed for them. We have witnessed her chastened and grateful joy mingling with the exultations of the nation in its deliverance from the power which she had found oppressive and implacable, and which had threatened the extirpation

of all its dearest rights. She had seen the honour of her husband vindicated, and his principles triumphant. At eventide it was light; and perhaps—but no, the Bible and her own experience taught her differently, or perhaps she might have fondly hoped that a calm evening would succeed a tempestuous day; and that uninterrupted repose and satisfaction awaited the close of her life. Whatever might be her own anticipations, and those of her less experienced, and, therefore, more sanguine friends, lady Russell had yet to prove that the quiver of affliction was not exhausted, nor the storm finally hushed. In her old age she had to experience trials in her person, in her family, and in her friends. But she also experienced the faithfulness of the promises, “Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you;” “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

Lady Russell had with gratitude acknowledged that her bodily health had not sunk under her mental sufferings, and that, on the contrary, she had enjoyed an unwonted degree of freedom from bodily pain. She, however, began to experience the approaches of infirmity, both in occasional indispositions and in the yet more alarming form of a rapidly increasing weakness of sight. “It is God’s will that I should be something more afflicted with bodily pains than for some late years I have been. I am well contented, and hope he will not lay them so heavy as to disable me

from the duties of my family. That is my great request, for truly I am totally disabled when I have those pains upon me."

For two or three years after lady Russell began to complain of her sight, she seems not to have been aware of any local disease, and not to have taken medical advice. It has been commonly affirmed that lady Russell wept herself blind. This is not correct. She indeed says, "My eyes are ever ready to pour out the marks of a sorrowful heart which I must even carry to the grave." But this had no connexion with her infirmity, which proved to be a cataract in her left eye.

In 1692, her younger daughter, Catharine, expressed herself with great anxiety to her sister, lady Cavendish, about their mother's increasing blindness. "Indeed," she says, "it is very sad to see how much she has lost her sight in so little time as three weeks or a month. She uses nothing to them, which makes me more impatient to hear from the doctor, though I do extremely fear he can do nothing for her, as she does herself." At this time she appears to have been fully aware of the nature of her malady. We can easily suppose that she would claim of those she consulted, to know the truth. She then, with resignation and magnanimity, sustained the dreary prospect of blindness, permitting it to interfere with her duties as little as she had formerly done the sufferings of her mind, and set herself cheerfully to anticipate those communications of

heavenly light to which corporeal blindness forms no impediment. "I do not repine, but, on the contrary, rejoice in the goodness of my God to me, that, when I feared the utter loss of sight, has let me thus long see the light, and by it has given me time to prepare for that day of bodily darkness which, perhaps, must soon overtake me."—"While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant. But still I have full hope I shall rejoice in that he will not deny me his great grace to strengthen me with might by his Spirit in the inner man. Then I shall walk in the right way till I reach the joys of eternal endurance."—"I find my eyes ache, and that I am sure is naught; and a little sight is too precious a good to be wasted." This last extract was written from Belvoir. Soon after her return thence, lady Russell was visited with severe and threatening illness, from which, however, she speedily recovered.

In June, 1694, the operation of couching was successfully performed. "I cannot forbear to tell you," writes archbishop Tillotson to bishop Burnet, "that my lady Russell's eye was couched, yesterday morning, with very good success." After this, her sight, and the powers of using it, were manifestly much improved. It was long, however, before she ventured to write much with her own hand.

Fourteen months afterwards, to a letter mostly written by an amanuensis, she adds: "I venture to write this much with my first eye. My new one does not alter much, though I think I do feel rather better than at first: but there is still something before it." It is probable that in her ordinary letters lady Russell continued to employ an amanuensis, and that those to her most esteemed friends, and which were more directly a transcript of her own mind, were few and far between. Her children were all happily married, and her intercourse with them was chiefly personal or carried on among themselves—those who at any time were privileged with their mother's society, communicating her circumstances and sentiments to those at a distance.

The letter to her son (page 156) is dated Stratton, July, 1706. In August, 1708, she wrote to her daughter, lady Cavendish, evidently in an agitated state of mind; perhaps under the pressure of more than one uneasiness, perhaps of only one. The small-pox was at that time, and for nearly half a century later, very extensive and fatal in its ravages. As late as 1765, the deaths in London by small-pox amounted to 2498. We can scarcely form an adequate idea of the dreadful scourge, or feel sufficiently grateful for the two great discoveries, inoculation and vaccination, the first of which mitigated the evil, and the latter well nigh annihilated it. In lady Russell's time both were unknown. From several of lady

Russell's letters we assume that she shared the common dread of this visitation to those most dear to her, especially her son. By the letter above referred to, it appears that the duke and duchess of Bedford, then at Woburn, had it in contemplation to spend some months at Streatham, in prospect of the duchess's confinement. The small-pox was at that time very prevalent in and about London; and lady Russell, full of apprehension, requests her daughter, lady Cavendish, to dissuade, or at least to caution, which she thinks more likely to succeed than any direct interference of her own. Whether or not the family remained at Woburn does not appear. The apprehended evil was not at that time realised. The duke and duchess, already the happy parents of two daughters, had their joy completed by the birth of a son. Another son was born to them two years later, both of whom in succession inherited the dukedom.

But at no very distant period, lady Russell had to adopt the language of Job: "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of has come unto me." In 1711, her son took the small-pox and died, May 26, in the thirty-first year of his age. No sooner was the nature of the disease ascertained, than his wife and children were removed from him.* At his death-bed we find only his mother, now seventy-five years of age,

* The duchess died of the same disease at Streatham, May 29, 1724.

receiving his last words, soothing his last moments, and pointing his thoughts to God, whose sustaining power and grace she had so often proved, and had yet again and again to prove "a refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

How deeply lady Russell felt this stroke, appears in a letter to her cousin, lord Galway. "Alas, my dear lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

"I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God; then with remembrance to his sister, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me, and my double kindness to his wife and so

died away. There seemed no reluctance to leave this world; patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger; but, loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers; I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman."

On this occasion, the bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Burnet) thus addressed lady Russell:—"I cannot keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this new heavy stroke with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father, who was become so truly his son in all respects, is, indeed, a new opening a deep wound, which God had, by many special providences, for several years, been binding up and healing. But now you will see whether you can truly say, 'Not my will, but thy will be done.' 'The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord.' When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead; now God has taken him; but the branches are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered yourself to sink so much under a great, though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bare then; and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, he may yet have a great deal for you

to do to your children's children; and, therefore, study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done, before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in everything that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort for you, and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him, whom God has taken to himself."

Scarcely could lady Russell, even under the exercise of unfeigned and exalted piety, have recovered anything like composure of mind after so severe a loss, when she was visited with another heavy stroke. October 31, of the same year, her younger daughter, the duchess of Rutland, died in child-bed. Of the death of this lady we have no particulars, except that it took place in London; that her sister, the duchess of Devonshire, was lying-in at the same time; and that, on this account, it was deemed necessary for a time to conceal from her the fatal event. Lady Russell had the resolution to assume a cheerful tone, and in answer to the duchess of Devonshire's too particular inquiries after her sister, to assure her that she had that day seen her out of bed, when, in fact, she had seen her in her coffin; certainly an astonishing effort of self-control, yet scarcely in harmony with lady Russell's habitual straightforwardness of character.

Only a few months had elapsed after the

death of his duchess, when the duke determined on marrying again. The hesitation which he manifested in deference to lady Russell's feelings, and the generous and indulgent candour he met in return, were honourable to both parties. After mentioning the duke of Rutland's second choice, lady Russell says: "Perhaps as proper to call it the first; for when marriages are made so early, it is accepting rather than choosing on either side. But lord R., to the end of my good child's life, has so well approved the choice in all and every respect; and now that she is no more, has with very deliberate consideration, as soon as he composed his mind to think, first taken care to inquire and be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children; and then, by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness settled every younger child's portion by adding to what they had before. As it is to me the most solid instance of his respect and love he can now give to her memory, and being, I believe, done with an honest sincerity and true value of her, and all her virtues, I conceive it would be wrong in me to take offence."—"As to the point of education, I am sorry we are not of one mind; but there is no help where there is no remedy. There is an overruling Providence, and I try to hope her children shall be blessed. It was their good mother's thoughts under her hand; and though it might be thought her children would want her, yet her hope was, her prayers on their behalf had been heard."

During the remainder of lady Russell's life, we find her still maintaining an interest in her old friends, and keeping up a constant and affectionate intercourse with her only remaining child, her grand-children, her nieces and her cousin—taking a share in their joys and sorrows. “Her heart,” it has been truly said, “was neither enfeebled by age, nor deadened by sufferings.” What little we know is chiefly gathered from her letters to Lord Galway, and her later letters to him correspond in sentiment and feeling with what she had expressed many years before.—“I am very certain,” this is her language, 1686, “that the fastest cement of friendship is piety. One may love passionately, but one loves unquietly if the friend be not a good man. And when a separation comes, what veneration do we give *their* memory we consider so loved by God from all eternity!” Some years later, referring to the conversation of friends, she says:—“No soul can speak more feelingly than my poor self on that subject, who can truly say my friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet, who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it, would, I think, never choose it.” At the age of seventy-six she thus writes:—“I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and, coming from a sincere heart and honest mind, (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant,) are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud

thoughts of myself, as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend that one is not very wrong, assists a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being, who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I have felt many, I may say, many years of pure, innocent, pleasant content and happy enjoyments as this world can afford; particularly that biggest blessing of being loved by those I loved and respected on earth; no enjoyment, certainly, to be put in balance with it. All other, are like wine, intoxicate for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

‘ All we know they do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.’

1712. “ The more serious of your papers I shall say no more to, than that, as it is written in a fair character, I do, with much ease, read the words; but, as you rightly observe, the difficulty lies in practice, yet neither you nor myself have the smiles of fortune too lavishly bestowed on us, or to abide with us, as to draw our hearts or minds to choose, or be fond of, what the world at present affords us. But if, with the length of our days here, we can feel our desires and wills docible, willing to submit, and to improve our best thoughts and performances, then our lives are granted us as a blessing, as we may assure ourselves. Pray, my lord, be not in care about my writings. Indeed, they

are not worth your reading, or the postage ; but I consider, if any body living will think them so, it is yourself, and lady Norton ; and I often feel myself willing to relieve my thoughts, so apt to reflect upon times past, when, to look forward to what is to come, should be my care, my comfort, or my dread. God's grace preserve me from the last, and strengthen the first to me, to the end of these few days or years I have to struggle through. . . . I am going to make a visit out of town, to sister Vaughan."

"Lady Norton," it will be remembered, was the daughter of lady Russell's sister, lady Noel. The visit to her "sister Vaughan," was doubtless one of sympathy and condolence. Lord Carberry died January 16, 1712, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, (about the date of this letter,) and the lady Vaughan, here mentioned, was probably an unmarried sister. Lady Russell was on terms of affectionate intimacy with her sister-in-law, lady Frances Vaughan, who most likely was the lady referred to in the above letter.

In 1715, lady Russell expressed her desire, with a composed mind, to "reflect on the good and bad days of a long life, and be thankful for so kind a providence, as the freedom I have had from bodily pains, which so many, better than I, suffer at the age I have attained, (79 :) there are few more exempt.

"Sellwood tells me your appearance is very comfortable ; and if I go to Hampshire I trust

I shall see it so. Sure this season is a trial; for although it is a customary thing to complain of seasons, yet in my opinion this is an extraordinary one. I have not wanted to observe, (except when I enjoyed lady Betty Norton's company, who gave me much of her time,) that from the first day of March to this, there hath not been twenty-four hours without much rain, snow, or hail. It keeps lord Devon from Newmarket, which he expects would be of use if he could get thither. He is put into a coach, and is carried on the stones, but cannot use his feet to go. It is a melancholy thing to see a young man so seized; but his patience keeps an equality with his trials. A just measure of patience in all one suffers, (I conclude yourself knows it very notoriously from a variety of instances,) may it ever be a comfort in our last hours! and then, how ravishing the great day of the Lord! the day of recompense! for such we are allowed to call it."

In May, 1716, after alluding to the bodily sufferings of her correspondent, lord Galway, lady Russell says:—"But the merciful providence of God, it is our duty to pray for and trust in; then it shall be well in the end, in this world or a better. I beseech God to give you the consolations of his Holy Spirit, to enable you to struggle with bodily pains. Your resignation I have no doubt of; yet nature will shrink when the weight is heavy, and presses hard, which will not be imputed, because it is natural. I pray to God to fortify your spirit under every trial,

till eternity swallows all our troubles, all our sorrows, all our disappointments, and all our pains in this life. The longest, how short to eternity! All these ought to be my own care to improve my weak self, as the fortitude of your mind, experience and knowledge, does to you. And I pray for such a portion of them, in mercy to me, as may secure an endless glorifying to so feeble, so ignorant, so mean a creature as myself, that I cannot be too little in my own sight."

In the same year is dated a letter from lady Russell to her daughter, who, it seems, had been called away from Chatsworth by the illness of one of her sons.

"I read yours, Sept. 1st, with great content the young gentleman is so well. It is no use to murmur that you could not be satisfied with(out) taking the journey; the rather also, because I believe I should have done the same. It is so fine a season, I hope your return to Derbyshire will be easy. Your mind would not have been such, if you had not done as you did. I hope the young gentleman will have a grateful, as well as pleasing memory of your tenderness. I shall be easy with a line or two from lady Mary, how you got to Chatsworth: at your first coming you will have a great deal to do, and so for the short time you can stay. I see no cause to fear but that all will be, as we are, quiet;* but it is the temper of most to

* She means politically quiet, of which the rebellion of the year before left some doubt.

fear, or seem to do so. The season is exceedingly fine, not much burnt up; but the farmers, for talk's sake, ever wishing for what they have not. But it is good walking, and that is my best diversion. I cannot easily add any more words to make this more a diversion to you, than that, I thank God, I have as much easy health as my years can have; and memory as yet enough to take a pleasure to hear of what I love most, and desire all good may be their portion, which will afford content while any thought whatever of good or ill remains in the head or heart of your ever affectionate mother.

“My kind service to your lord and children—blessings to all. I would lord Hartington were with you.”

To lord Galway.

“When I scribble to lord Galway, I consider very little what I have to put down, as I am secure, by God's grace, never to forfeit your love and esteem; and till I do that, I have no fear I shall lose them. In that point my mind is at ease. I exceedingly desire your body were so. But the providences permitted by the Almighty God, can never be hurtful to his faithful servants, although painful. Alas! what are days, months, or years (to his elected) to a happy eternity? In such a thought *your* soul and heart may rejoice, I verily believe—and so believe, as to desire I may find grace, as I believe you will, in the great day when the sentence shall be pronounced.”

1718, Feb. 13th. *To the same.*

“My very long acquaintance, lady Essex, is no longer in this world—but not to be lamented in relation to herself, being certainly sincerely devout in those points we ought to make our biggest care. . . . There is nothing delays Miss Hoskins changing her name, but the act of parliament, which now is thought necessary, and in all cases almost. Evening is creeping upon me by a grandchild, who was willing to take her dinner with me, her sister having taken physic, and she not loving boiled chicken. To morrow your health will not be omitted, daughter Devon and Mr. Charlton being to dine here; as I hope to do, with yourself at Rookley, and also at Old Stratton, where you will be kindly welcome—as I am assured I shall be at your Rookley. God, for the good you do to mankind, grant you some easy years to do good upon earth, before you change for a happy eternity. So does desire and pray lord Galway’s truly affectionate cousin—and faithfully such to gratify to the utmost of her ability.”

Lady Essex, here referred to, was one in whose afflictions, coeval with her own, lady Russell had tenderly sympathised. Miss Hoskins was the daughter and sole heiress of lady Russell’s active friend. The marriage of this young lady with the marquis of Hartington took place March 27th, 1718. Another grandson of lady Russell, the marquis of Granby, had married Bridget, sole daughter and heiress of Robert Sutton, lord Lexington.

Their eldest son, the celebrated marquis of Granby, was born January 2nd, 1721.

Like the patriarchs of old, lady Russell was permitted to see her descendants to the third and fourth generation. She had yet, however, to mourn the loss of some she loved; and in some instances, to sympathise with parents bereft of their children in the bloom of youth. Lady Mary Cavendish, eldest daughter of the duke and duchess of Devonshire, died June 15, 1719; lord John Cavendish, May 10, 1720; and lady Diana, February 12, 1722.

The year 1720 deprived lady Russell of her aged relative and friend the earl of Galway. The same year her son-in-law, the duke of Rutland, died of small-pox, aged forty-five: and a few days afterwards his daughter, lady Rachel, of the same disease. In January, 1723, another grandson died, lord Thomas Manners, aged twenty.

The world must, indeed, have been to her, as she long before expressed it, "a very poor thing." Happy for her that she realised, not so much being weary of the world, as being weaned from it, willing to "wait with quiet submission," yet, like the traveller, cheered by the near prospect of home.

The two letters last quoted were written in a very large hand, apparently without spectacles, which lady Russell was accustomed sometimes to do in extreme old age. An unfinished paper written in this way, has been already referred to. It seems to have been

private hints for her assistance in self-examination and prayer. She sets herself carefully to scrutinize her own heart, and, reflecting on her past life, humbles herself before God, and supplicates pardon for those inward evils which the bulk of mankind overlook. "Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord, in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud; not enduring to slights or neglects; subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry, with and without cause, too often; and by it, may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naught heart, I fear; and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants. I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me, having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself then; and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and

only son, in 1711. If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me. His death was a piercing sorrow to me; yet thou hast supported me, Lord, even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pains and sickness than most feel. I desire thankfully to recollect ——."

One of lady Russell's biographers has observed that the scrupulous exactness with which she enters into these minute particulars, "may assure us she had no weightier matters to bring into the account." It is a real satisfaction and a distinguishing mercy to have been preserved from gross outward sin; but, by the truly enlightened spirit, regarding things as the word of truth describes them, and looking at itself as in the presence of God and the prospect of eternity, sin of every kind and degree is felt a burden too heavy to be borne, and relief is found, not in attempting to lower the flagrancy of crime, or to establish a plea of comparative innocence, but in cordially receiving the consolatory truth that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*," and that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," 1 Tim. i. 15; 1 John i. 7.

The blotted fragment from which the above hints are taken, breaks off abruptly. Had lady Russell been permitted to complete it, we cannot doubt that it would have contained more direct evidence of the proper result of self-examination, being driven off from herself to her Saviour.

Of lady Russell's last moments we know little. The seizure of illness was apparently sudden. On hearing of it, her only surviving child, then at Chatsworth, hastened to London. Lady Rachel Morgan, eldest surviving daughter of the duchess of Devonshire, writing to her brother, lord James Cavendish, says: "The bad account we have received of grandmamma Russell, has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us and gone to London. . . . I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. The last post brought us so bad an account that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that mamma should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be a satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmamma asked for her."

This letter is dated, September 26, 1723. Lady Russell expired on the 29th. The day which she had so often distinguished as the birth-day of her husband, was that in which she was "born in death."

The newspapers of the time contain the following announcements:—The Weekly Journal or Saturday's post, September 28. "The lady Russell, widow of the lord William Russell that was beheaded, continues dangerously ill."

October 5. "The right honourable the lady Russell, relict of lord William Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to

Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be buried with that of her lord."

The London Journal of Saturday, October 12: "On Tuesday morning last, the corpse of the lady Russell was carried from her house in Bloomsbury-square, to its interment at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire." Nor are these minor particulars uninteresting. But it is far more interesting and delightful to cherish a full confidence that the immortal spirit had entered on the glorious rest that remains for the people of God, those who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," Rev. vii. 14—17.

Hereditary rank, abundant possessions, and extensive influence, belong to few; nor are they at all essential, any more than are extraordinary trials, to the possession and exercise of those virtues by which lady Russell was distinguished. Her character was truly great, because it was truly good. The celebrity she obtained was purchased by no sacrifice of feminine virtue, but by the patient, constant, well-principled discharge of even the humblest duties. Hence her history is replete with practical instruction. Every sphere and station in life presents a platform for the exercise of diligence, perseverance, kindness, gentleness, humility, self-denial, and resig-

nation ; and by the exercise of these standard virtues, every individual may diffuse happiness around and enjoy peace within.

Justly has it been observed by one of her descendants : " The peculiarity which is most striking in lady Russell, is, that she was esteemed and consulted by her contemporaries, and has been admired and revered by posterity, without any ambitious effort of her own. She neither sought to shine in the world by the extent of her capacity, nor to display, by affected retirement, the elevation of her soul ; and when circumstances obliged her to come forward on the stage of history, she showed herself in the appropriate character of a wife and mother. Hence we may believe that the unobtrusive modesty of private life, contains many a female capable of giving the same example to her sex and to mankind."

" The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." " Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain : but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands ; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

the first of the year
the first of the year

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DA
447
R97L5

The life of Lady Russell

